

# The Sketch.

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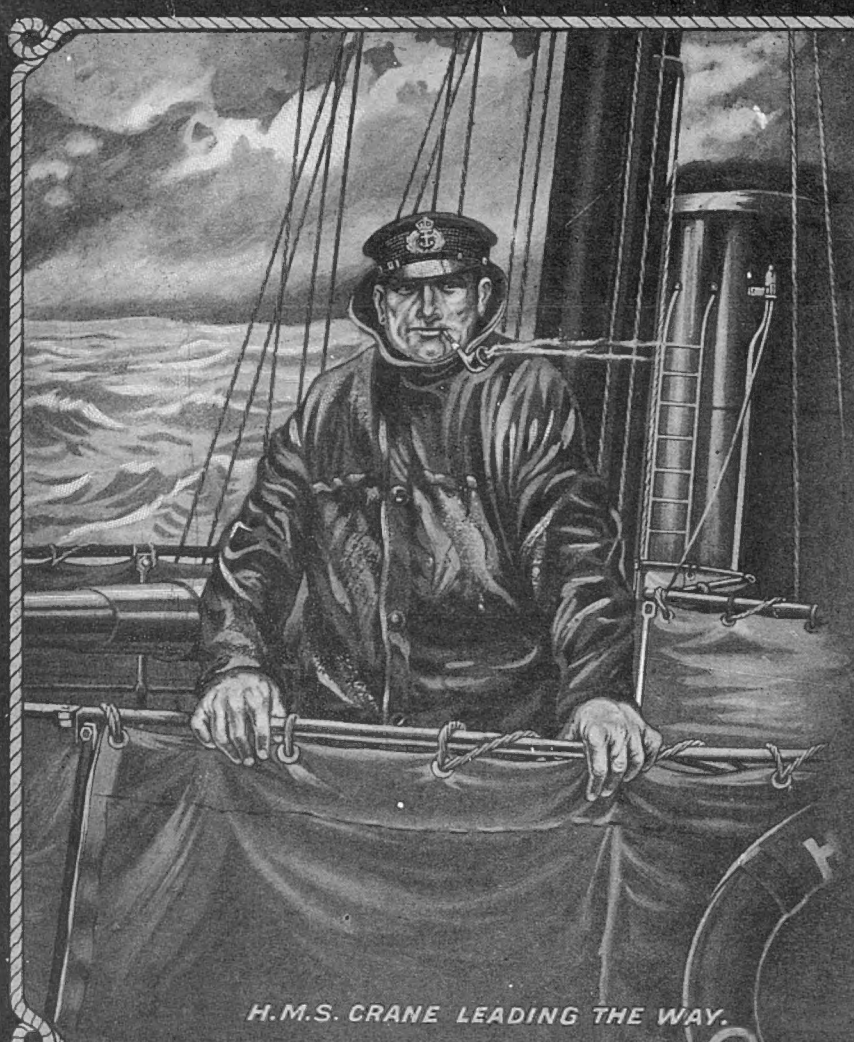


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# The Sketch

No. 993.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1912.

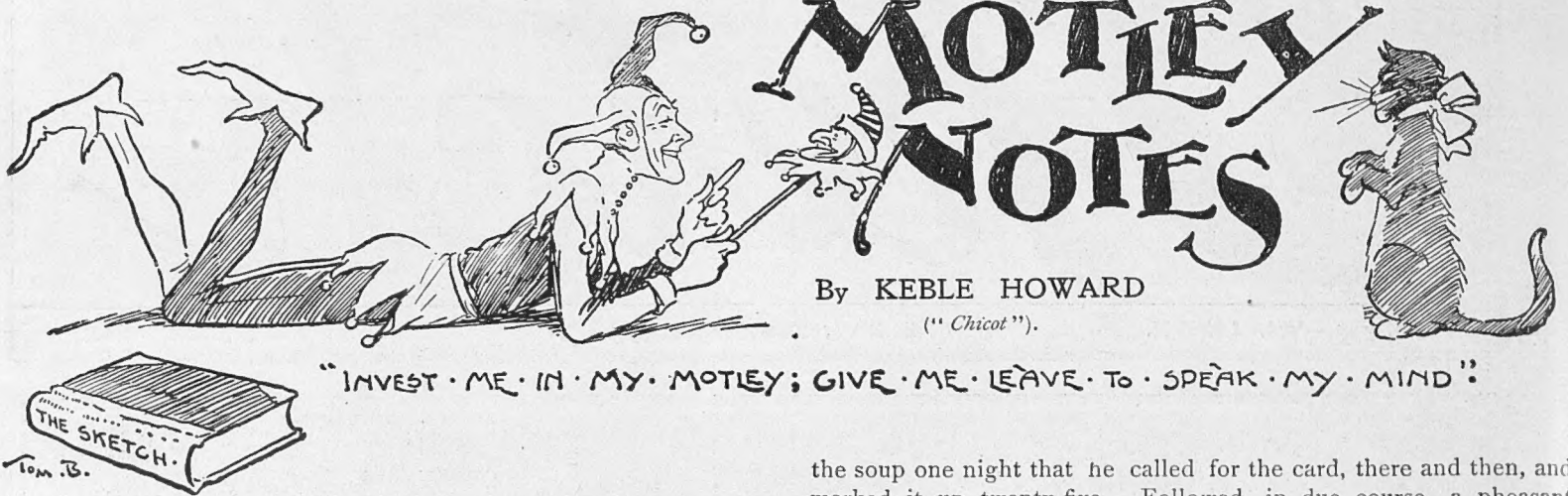
SIXPENCE.



WINNING TRIBUTE FROM REPUBLICAN NEW YORK: PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT "SNAPPED"  
DURING HER VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

As we pointed out in our last issue, Princess Patricia of Connaught, who accompanied her father and mother on their recent visit to New York, captivated the people of that city, and aroused the gallantry of some of its Pressmen to such an extent that they burst into scare-heads and verses about her, naming her, in the familiar manner of their kind, "Princess Pat."—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]





By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

Hints for the  
Police.

The police are a very interesting force, whether in town or country. A country policeman made a strange communication to me the other day. He said: "These here motorists! I s'pose you know the little game some of 'em get up to, don't you?"

I implored him to proceed without reference to my ignorance.

"Why, they 'ave the number of the car on a tin plate—see? S'pose they runs over a dog, or a child, or a man—see? On they goes, and I takes the number. What's the good o' that? Four mile down the road they whips off the tin plate, shoves in another number, and doubles back on their tracks by another road. 'Ow are you goin' ter catch 'em? It can't be done, Sir!"

"Might I suggest that the number should be painted on the car itself? Would not that solve the difficulty?"

"Well, since you raise the point, I s'pose it would."

"And another thing. Why should not the police be supplied with small snapshot cameras? You whip out your camera and snap the car as she races down the road! At any rate, you get the size and make of the car, and the number of the occupants. What d'you think of the scheme?"

He seemed doubtful. "What with yer pocket-book and yer gloves, and one thing an' another, you'd 'ave ter be pretty nippy; seems ter me. Still, there might be something in it."

I left him swiftly pressing imaginary buttons.

And a Hint for  
Housewives.

I was full of ideas that afternoon. A lady upon whom I called complained that servants grew more and more impossible. They smashed and battered; they were late in the morning; they forgot; they were impertinent; they were ungrateful.

"Why don't you keep a record of their sins?" I inquired.

"I keep a mental record."

"Why not keep an actual record, in ink, hung up in the kitchen? On Monday morning of each week start them off with a hundred marks. Have a scale of penalties drawn up and agreed upon between you. For example—

Half-an-hour late in the morning	...	...	5 marks off.
Breaking a plate	...	...	2 " "
Breaking a soup-tureen	...	...	15 " "

And so on. Pay by results. When the servant left your service, you would merely forward her weekly records to the new mistress.

"On the other hand, you would give good marks when you were pleased, again paying by results. Here, I fancy, is the solution to the whole servant problem."

"The idea is all right, but they would never agree to it. The modern servant would know perfectly well that the end of the week would find her a couple of hundred marks to the bad. She has no faith in her own ability to do right. She makes up her mind that she is a thoroughly bad servant and glories in her deficiencies. Still, I'll try the card."

## Results.

This morning I received the following letter—  
MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been trying the scheme of marks for my servants that you were good enough to suggest. Helen, the parlour-maid, began wonderfully well—so well, indeed, that, by the end of the fifth day, I found myself nearly a sovereign in her debt over and above her usual wages. On the sixth day, however, she dropped a tray and broke the greater part of the dinner-service. This just saved me.

Cook lost slowly but steadily. She generally went up on the joint and down on the vegetables. My husband was so pleased with

the soup one night that he called for the card, there and then, and marked it up twenty-five. Followed, in due course, a pheasant cooked to a cinder. He sent once more for the card and crossed off thirty. Cook herself crossed off the rest and gave notice.

Emily, the kitchen-maid, regarded the whole affair as a splendid joke. On the first morning, I marked her up ten, just to encourage her, and explained that this meant extra wages. She became extremely excited, and ended by spilling a saucepan of boiling water over my husband's new dress-suit, which he had sent down to be brushed. We knocked off a couple of hundred for this, and Emily seemed to grow cynical. At any rate, she is nine hundred to the bad at the moment of writing.

With every good wish, Your sincere friend.

P.S.—Don't think me ungrateful, will you?

**No More Dulness.** A rather bitter little leader appears in one of my morning papers on the subject of the new telephone system. "Callers cannot get through," complains the writer; "wrong calls are constantly made; wrong numbers are frequently given; and the method of keeping accounts appears to be fantastic. Moreover, the service on the old Post Office system has become perceptibly slower. More time is occupied at the exchanges in making the connection, and the caller is too often put off with "line engaged," or "the detestable buzzing instrument."

All this seems to me a little unfair. I can honestly say that I have had more fun out of my telephone for the month of January than during the whole period previous to the amalgamation. The Post Office has evidently laid itself out to amuse its customers and keep their lives bright and busy. Here is a typical twenty minutes with the staff—

Ring-g-g-g-g-g! Ring-g-g-g-g-g! Ring-g-g-g-g-g—  
"Yes! Yes! Yes! (Pause.) Hullo—ullo—ullo! (Pause.) Yes?"

"What's your number, please? Don't go away, please. You're wanted."

After five minutes. "Hullo—ullo—ullo!"

"Number, please?"

"You said you wanted me!"

"Sorry! It's a mistake. Ring off, please!"

Two minutes later. Ring-g-g-g-g-g! Ring-g-g-g-g-g! Ring-g-g—

"Yes—yes—yes!"

"Number, please?"

"You rang me."

"Mistake. Ring off, please."

"But I say! Hullo! Are you there?"

Silence. You ring off, and then ring up.

"Yes? Number, please?"

"I don't want any number. I want to speak to you. I want to tell you not to keep on ringing me up and then telling me to ring off. D'you understand? That has happened seventy-five times already this morning. . . . Hullo! Are you there?"

No answer. You ring up again.

"Number, please?"

"I don't want a number! I was speaking to you just now on a very important matter when you—"

"Hullo, old man? I say, I couldn't get over last night. Agnes and George looked in quite unexpectedly, and—"

"I wish to hear nothing about Agnes and George, Sir; nor do I know you from Adam. Kindly get off the line! Hullo! Exchange! Exchange! Exchange! Exch— Oh, there you are! Look here! I want to tell you that—"

"Your number's engaged. Ring again, please."



# "DELIVERING THE GOODS" TO NEW YORK: CONNAUGHT CHARM.



1. "DELIVERING THE GOODS" TO THE PERSISTENT PRESS (THE BUTTON) MEN: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCESS PATRICIA HELD UP BY PHOTOGRAPHERS AT GRANT'S TOMB, AND "STANDING" FOR THEM.

2. THE DUCAL SMILE THAT CHARMED NEW YORK: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S "UNCONQUERABLE GOOD-HUMOUR."  
3. "KNOWN BEST FOR HER HANDY WAY OF REFUSING TO MARRY KINGS": NEW YORK'S "PRINCESS PAT."

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia won all hearts in New York during their recent visit by what was described in the American Press as their "unconquerable good-humour" and their "democratic simplicity." They were besieged by photographers, who, to quote the *New York Sun*, "commanded the uncle of King George and the Emperor William to 'hold that pose and don't move.' . . . The Duke's attendants were horror-stricken, but the Duke roared with laughter. . . . In situations that have sent plain citizens into heavy rage the Connaughts appeared to find merely a new kind of amusement." When the royal party visited Grant's Tomb the camera-men were especially importunate, and held them up until, to use an American expression, they had "delivered the goods." All the New York papers sang the praises of Princess Patricia. One, the *New York Globe*, described her as "the lovely, beautiful, and fascinating Princess Pat, best known for her handy way of refusing to marry Kings."

Photographs by Sport and General and Paul Thompson.



## ICE IN ENGLAND; AND MR. BOTTOMLEY: CAMERA RECORDS.

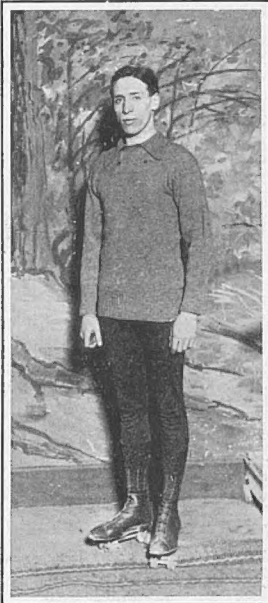


RETAINING HIS TITLE: MR. F. W. DIX, THE AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPION, WINNING AT LINGAY FEN.

After a lapse of three years, the Amateur Skating Championship was held at Lingay Fen, near Cambridge, last week. It was won by Mr. F. W. Dix, who thus retained the Amateur Skating Championship by a third win. After making the best time in the preliminary round—that is, 4 min. 44 2-5 sec. for the mile-and-a-half course—the holder improved this in the final by a second.—[Photographs by G.P.U. and Sport and General.]



WINNER OF AN EVENT HELD AFTER A LAPSE OF THREE YEARS: MR. F. W. DIX RECEIVING THE CUP AFTER THE RACE.



WINNER OF THE ONE MILE SOUTHERN COUNTIES AMATEUR SPEED ROLLER-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP AT EARL'S COURT: MR. S. B. COLE, OF THE ALEXANDRA PALACE R.S.C.  
*Photograph by Topical.*



SNAPPED, NOT CINEMATOGRAPHED: MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY WITH SOME MEMBERS OF THE "GOODY TWO SHOES" COMPANY AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Mr. Bottomley entertained the Clapton Orient Football Team, of whose club he is president, at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, the other day, and with them witnessed the pantomime. Near him in the photograph are Mr. George Lupino as the Demon and Miss Daisy Goldsack as the Fairy Queen.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



THRICE WINNER OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, DECIDED AT LINGAY FEN LAST WEEK: MR. F. W. DIX.

*Photograph by C.N.*



AT THE ARCHERY CLUB IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS: PRINCESS MARY OF TECK WITH "MIDGET," AND PRINCESS HELENA OF TECK WITH "DOT."

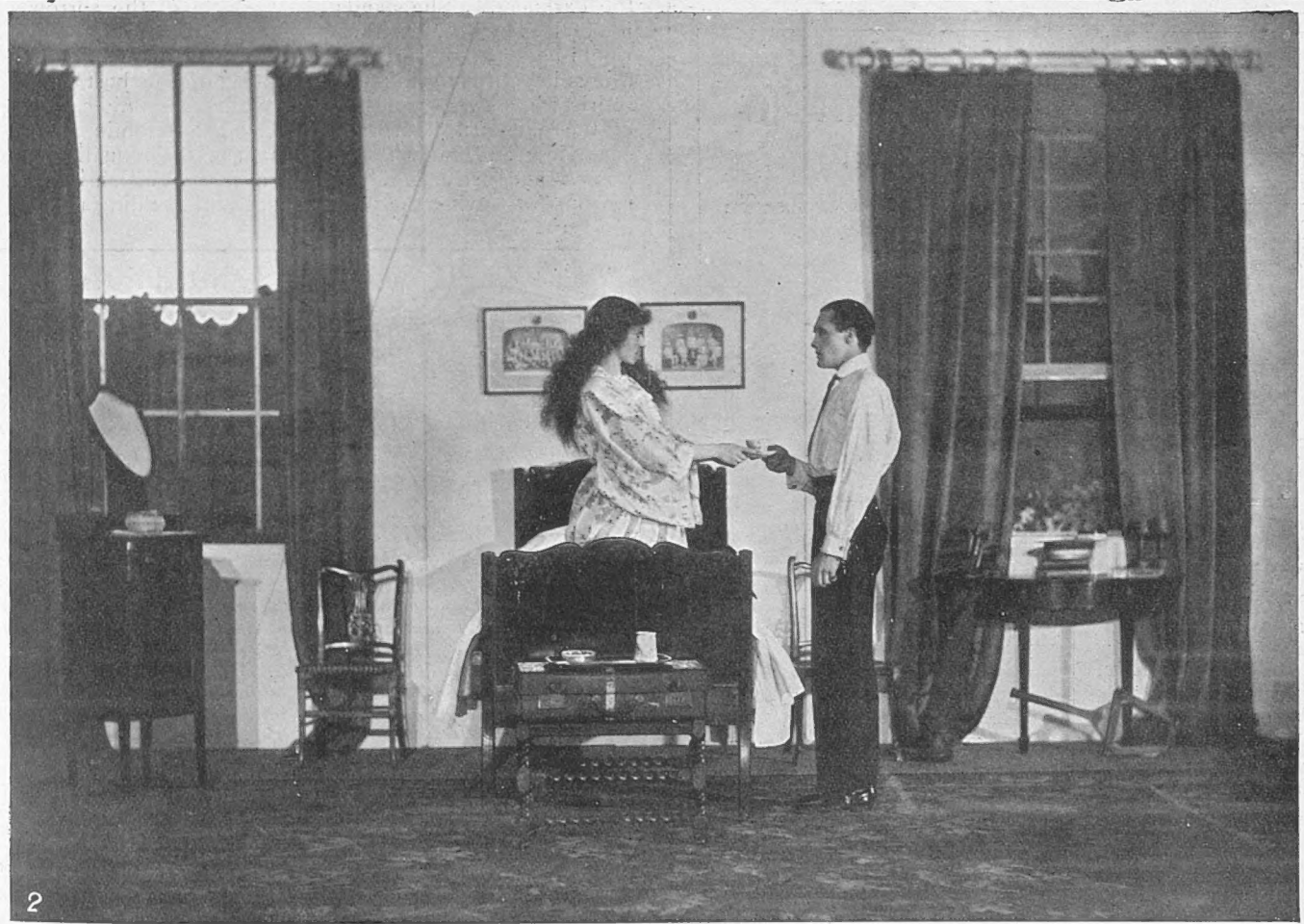
Princess Mary of Teck is the elder of the Duke of Teck's daughters, and was born in June 1897. Princess Helena, the younger, was born in October 1899. They have two brothers—Prince George and Prince Frederick. Before her marriage, it will be recalled, their mother was Lady Margaret Grosvenor. Their father is the second Duke.—Prince Kinsky was formerly Austro-Hungarian Minister in Paris. He is very well known as a racing-man, and in 1883 won the Grand National on his own mare Zoedone. He is an honorary member of the Jockey Club. In 1895 he married Elizabeth Countess de Wolff-Metternich zur Gracht, who died in 1909.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.]



ON THE SKATING CLUB'S SHEET OF ICE AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS: MRS. WOOD, MRS. WHEELER, MRS. HALL WALKER AND PRINCE KINSKY SKATING LAST WEEK.



THE SHOULD-A-GIRL-BE-TOLD PLAY: "THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE,"  
AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.



1. EFFIE PEMBERTON, WHO HAS COME TO ARCHIE GRAHAM'S BEDROOM TO MAKE HIM TELL HER ALL ABOUT HIS DOINGS IN TOWN ON THE PREVIOUS DAY AND CANNOT BE PERSUADED TO HOLD BACK HER CURIOSITY FOR A MORE CONVENTIONAL TIME AND PLACE, IS THRUST INTO A CUPBOARD ON A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND THE SOUND OF MRS. PEMBERTON'S VOICE.

2. EFFIE PEMBERTON, IN KIMONO AND NIGHTDRESS, INSISTS ON THE FULL TALE OF ARCHIE'S ADVENTURES BEING TOLD, AND ON REMAINING IN ARCHIE'S BEDROOM UNTIL SHE HAS HEARD EVERYTHING, DESPITE HIS EFFORTS TO PERSUADE HER TO GO BACK TO HER OWN ROOM, AND WAIT UNTIL LATER TO HEAR HIS STORY.

"The Blindness of Virtue" deals with the question as to whether a girl should be told when she reaches womanhood what that womanhood means, and what dangers may threaten it, or whether she should be left in ignorance, to find out things for herself. Effie is left ignorant, and thus cannot see why her father and mother are surprised and shocked when she is found with Archie Graham in his bedroom in the early morning. She is there in a desire to know all about Archie's adventures in town on the day before, and refuses to leave it until she has heard everything. Thus, on discovery, complications arise. In the end, of course, the innocence of the affair is demonstrated and all is well. The subject is treated in such a manner that not even a suspicion of offence could be given, even to the most prudish. Two very notable pieces of acting are those of Miss Margery Maude as Effie and Mr. Owen Nares as Archie. Both of them are here shown.—[Photographs by Alexander Corbett.]



**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
LAST TWO WEEKS. Every Evening at 8.15. LAST TWO WEEKS.  
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MAN AND SUPERMAN. By Bernard Shaw.  
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**WYNDHAM'S.** At 8.30, GERALD du MAURIER and Co. in  
THE DUST OF EGYPT, by Alan Campbell. Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

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BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.  
(Martin Secker.)

Mr. Compton Mackenzie is finding himself with each new endeavour. "The Passionate Elopement" was a charming affair, to be cherished for its extravagant, whimsical beauty, like the eighteenth-century chintz of its *décor*; "Carnival" is written from the intimate experience of a young man in the world, as well as from the intuitions of a poet. For Mr. Compton Mackenzie has always been a poet, and, indeed, set forth on the royal road to distinguished prose long ago with poems such as Wordsworth and Shelley were wont to classify as "written in early youth." Truly, poets, when they desire to gild the rose, can do all they would. And to Mr. Compton Mackenzie has been reserved the crowning triumph of this craft: without its temperament, its emotions, its weather, its hymns of the months, "Carnival" would be a notable book if only that it gives us an adorable, a naïve, a naturally lovely, youthful, and ingenuous heroine with peroxide hair! No auburn tresses for Mr. Mackenzie, nor would he trouble to be out of fashion with Poe and make it of gloomy midnight—no; Jenny's fairness, which had lost the gold of infancy, must be brightened up again with peroxide. So he gets her a bottle, and she does it; and because her creator is a poet, it is very good. Meanwhile, the reader glows with exhilaration to find a young modern, not so long down from Oxford, getting his own back on all those classic thieves, whether Solomon, or Philostratus, or another, who have staled every metaphor and worn out every fancy in praise of the Beloved. Jenny, the Columbine of Carnival, was a ballet girl, and her story is chiefly one of the ballet. Fate draws her towards the studios and their cultured Bohemia, and rarely has that corner of our social fabric been better seen—a tea-party is enacted there which is a little masterpiece of writing. Reserve is the keynote, whether in detail or design. As with all artists, it is the qualifications and infinite variety of relation in the general which attract and engage Mr. Mackenzie rather than the superlative and flamboyant. Jenny is not an artist in her art, though there had been delicate possibilities. She is only one of those children of Apollo "who work so long for so little." She stands for "their disillusion, their dreams of immortality, their lives, their marriages, their little houses." She stands for "their fears of poverty and starvation, their work and effort and strife, their hurrying home in the darkness." She stands for "a little of the sorrow and all the joy of life." But, even with ample room for quotation, a choice would be unsatisfactory and unfair. There are so many stimulating things beautifully said; the humour is of the best traditions of the satirist *des mœurs*—(Jenny, emotionally *désœuvrée*, caught in the toils of the Women's Political, Social, and Economic League is a fine example); and, rarer than any or all of these qualities, "Carnival" possesses constructive beauty as a whole—which is the best of all reasons for leaving the plums intact and sending readers hungry to the feast.

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.  
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# THE CLUBMAN

## The Clouded Home-Coming.

The keenest sympathy of all Londoners went out to the King and Queen on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Fife, and this sympathy was all the stronger in that their Majesties suppressed their own private sorrow rather than disappoint their subjects who wished to give them a public greeting on their home-coming.

### The Late Duke as a Clubman.

The Duke of Fife belonged to the Marlborough, the Garrick, the Athenæum, and the Squadron Clubs, but he was very rarely seen in any club. Those gentlemen who took an interest in the Territorial movement in London, and his friends and neighbours in Scotland, saw him more often than his fellow-clubmen. He was created a Duke by a toast at his wedding-breakfast, for Queen Victoria, in drinking the health of her granddaughter and her granddaughter's husband, alluded to the latter for the first time as the Duke of Fife. Mr. Duff, the police-officer in

of works of art is that they should be accepted by the American Customs authorities as being what they are described and of the value put upon them. It will add, perhaps, a tiny pang when we look at the empty cases to know that the Morgan art treasures have been proved to be all that Mr. Morgan and British authorities believe them to be; but I am sure that the only way to encourage other American millionaires to follow Mr. Morgan's example in giving London a view of their treasures is to thank Mr. Morgan very heartily for the pleasure and instruction his beautiful things have given us, and to hope that the people of the United States will appreciate them as highly as we have done.

**Boers in Patagonia.** The American scientists who have been exploring Patagonia and have made some valuable geographical discoveries found there a flourishing colony of Boers who left South Africa after the Boer War, preferring to make homes for themselves rather than live under the British flag. Quite a number of these irreconcilables, descendants of the real old Dopper Boers, went out into the wild places of the world in order to avoid that civilisation which always follows the British flag. The real Boer, the descendant of the men who moved out of the Cape across the Vaal when the southern colonies became too crowded, has always had a dislike for Government officials and red tape. In the days when I knew the Transvaal, before the Zulu and the first Boer Wars, the Hollanders, the smart young men from Holland who had come out to take up Government posts under the Republic, were more disliked than the English.

**The Hunting Boers.** Those were the days before gold was found in paying quantities in the Transvaal, and both that State and the Orange Free State were great pastoral countries where the Veldt Boers lived so far apart that no man could see the smoke of his next neighbour's chimneys. There were then in the land the hunting Boers who were always on the trek, who spent

most of their time in the land which is now Rhodesia, and who reappeared in civilisation occasionally at Pretoria to sell skins and ivory, and sometimes ostrich-feathers, and to buy ammunition and coffee and saddles. These were the men who were the pick of the fighting Boers, and they were also the men who, when captured and sent to St. Helena or India, stoutly refused to take the oath of allegiance, and asked to be shipped to South America or any other agricultural waste land in preference to returning to their own uplands. The Boer has always been able to raise cattle on most unpromising pastures; and by scratching the ground he grows

indifferent crops where more scientific and thorough farming fails to grow anything. The Boers have so far made their mark in Patagonia that the natives amongst whom they have thrown in their lot have adopted many of the Dutch words into their language, amongst them being the verb "to trek," which has come into use over nearly the whole of the civilised world.



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AS A WOMAN (YOUNG); LORD SPENCER AS MRS. SLUMPINGTON IN "A FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN SEVEN DIALS" (TO THE TIMOTHY SLUMPINGTON OF MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD).

When they were at Cambridge together, Lord Spencer and Mr. Brookfield were active members of the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club, and were seen together in quite a number of plays. In "A Fearful Tragedy in Seven Dials" they appeared as husband and wife.

By Courtesy of the "Daily Chronicle" and of Hills and Saunders.

Australia who can now claim, if he wishes it, to be Earl of Fife, will get neither a property nor a seat in the House of Lords with the title.

## Heirs to Titles Overseas.

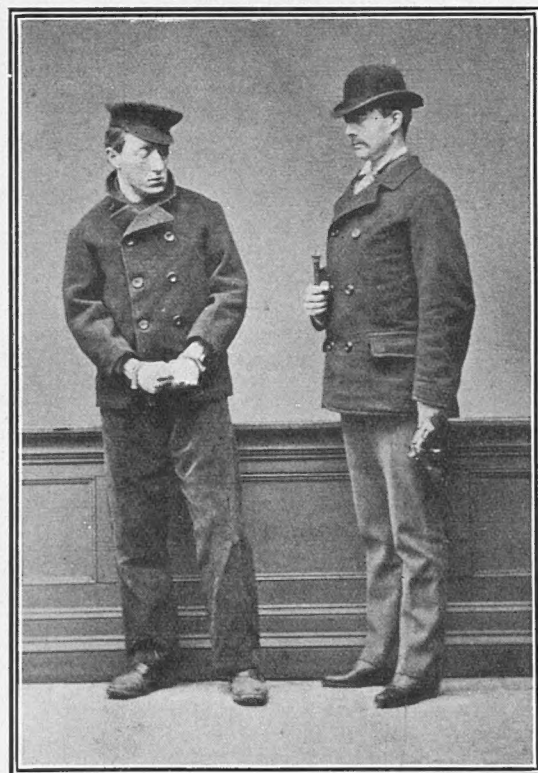
There is quite an interesting book to be written some day on the subject of titles which have gone to men in the uttermost parts of the world. I remember meeting a railway employee at a small station in India and being told that he was the heir to a peerage; and I once met another heir to a title living in a native hut in a Kaffir kraal and waited on only by a native woman. A white face, seen for a second above a hedge in a Japanese village in the interior, was, I was assured by my host at the inn where I spent the night, that of a man who might be an English lord if he chose to go home to England and make his claim, but that this mysterious Englishman loved an untrammelled life in Japan so well that he would not surrender it for the position and wealth which were waiting for him in his own country. The Japanese innkeeper's tale may have been an exaggeration. In the two other cases the men succeeded to their titles.

## Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Art Treasures.

The possession of beautiful things, of wonderful Old Masters and priceless work in gold and precious stones, is by no means entirely a pleasure, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, an American citizen, with the great love an American always has for his own country, must feel that much moral suasion is being brought to bear upon him not to move over to America all the beautiful things he has lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum, which have been there quite a long time as some of the supreme attractions of our national treasure-house.

## Death Duties and Curios.

Even though these treasures would not be liable to death duty in England so long as they were not sold, I do not see on what possible grounds we Britons can put any pressure on an American to prevent him from giving his fellow-citizens the pleasure we have so long enjoyed. I am told that the supreme proof of the value and of the genuineness



THE NEW EXAMINER OF PLAYS IN "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN": MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD AS JAMES DALTON (ON THE LEFT).

Mr. Brookfield played many parts at Cambridge, from Sir John Vesey in "Money" to James Dalton in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Since then he has written and produced between forty and fifty plays, including the much-discussed "Dear Old Charlie," which Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Frank Curzon will revive on the 21st.—[Photograph by Hills and Saunders.]





# SMALL TALK



SCOTLAND'S AIN GAME IN SWITZERLAND: TEAMS FROM DAVOS AND GRINDELWALD.

In the group seen above are included Captain Hall (Grindelwald), Mr. Wallace, Mr. Partridge (Davos), Mr. Thornton (Grindelwald), Mr. Hensham (Grindelwald), Mr. Martin (Davos), Mr. Griggs (Davos), Colonel Hill and Mr. Hargreaves (Grindelwald).

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

his title was more cautiously conferred. It was intended to be one of the New Year's batch; but Henniker Heaton was away, and it took a full month to get the offer to him and acceptance safely back from him. The baronetcy he did, in fact, not refuse is a rather meagre reward for such services as he has done the men and women of letters—of daily and hourly letters—not of England only, but of the world. A greater distinction, however, would not have been without its bores. To fall into rank among the baronets is an easy move. It is a more elaborate affair to



FANCY-DRESSED: MRS. ASQUITH AS AN "EASTERN PRINCESS," IN SWITZERLAND.

The Premier's wife is here seen with her son, Anthony, as she appeared at a fancy-dress ball at the Mürren hotel she favours. Most of the costumes, of course, were contrived almost at a moment's notice, and with such limited materials as were to hand.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

IT is not only upon the Postal Service that Sir John Henniker Heaton has put the stamp of his personality. In Canterbury, in the Commons, and in the Commonwealth he is known for the most genial of all reformers. Sometimes St. Martin's-le-Grand would have been pleased to make a bonfire of his criticisms and suggestions, but no Postmaster-General has been able to maintain a demeanour of repression and chagrin in his hearty presence. In the annals of the Commons he is twice famous—for his laugh and his discovery: he discovered the Terrace, where tea was never poured till he made the suggestion. Sir John was once enduring the praises of a member, whose guest he was, at the famous tables overlooking



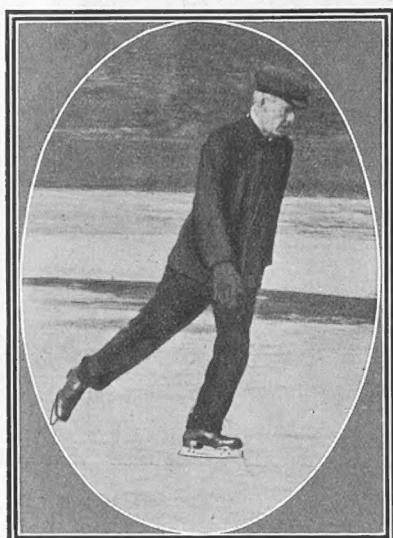
WITH SOME OF HER GREYHOUNDS: LADY HARLECH, AT BROGYNTYN, CSWESTRY.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1881, Lady Harlech, wife of the third Baron, was known as Lady Margaret Ethel Gordon, daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntly. Her son and only child, the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, was elected M.P. (C) for Denbigh District in January of 1910. He will be twenty-seven in April.

Photograph by Sport and General.

the Thames. "He saves us money every time we write a letter; we are all the richer for him," said his host. "Hardly," objected Sir John, counting the bevy of country-cousins entertained by his host, and calculating the total of this tea-tax, for which he was primarily responsible. So Sir John nobbled the waiter and paid the bill; and the protesting host never knew why the Member for Canterbury had suddenly grown conscience-stricken. Sir John refused four times to be a knight: once

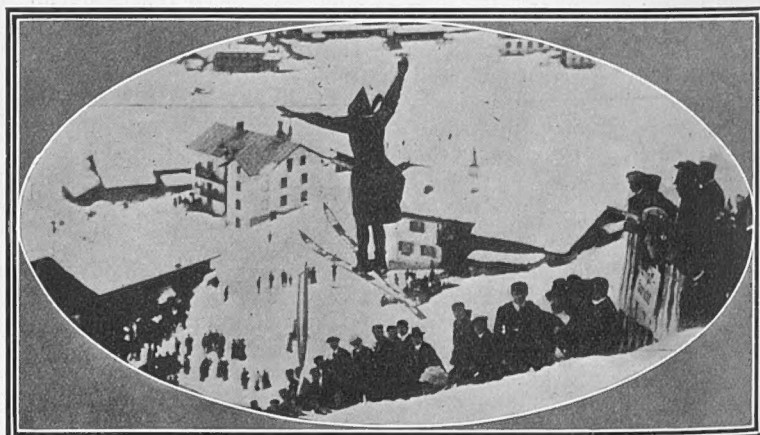
Lady Decies, by the way, have not cast an eye upon a garden dwelling at six hundred pounds. They are at this moment rejoicing in a "find." They have found "Luttrellstown," near Dublin, and have leased it for two years. It is a house famous for its splendours.



FROSTY BUT KINDLY: THE HEADMASTER OF ETON SKATING AT ETON. The Rev. the Hon. Edward Lytton, the popular Headmaster of Eton, has held his proud and important position since 1905. He was born in 1855, the seventh son of the fourth Lord Lytton, and, deservedly, has experienced the good fortune of the "Lucky Lyttons."

Photograph by G.P.U.

his name was even printed on the list of Honours. His cable of rejection cost him thrice as much as cables should and will cost when his reforms are all in force. This year



AN EVENT WHICH ASTONISHED THE NATIVES: A LADY SKI-JUMPING AT DAVOS.

It should be said that the spectacle of a woman ski-jumping at Davos is very rare. Consequently, Miss Olive Hockin's 50-foot jump, here shown, astonished the natives. A lady is said to have jumped 70 feet in Norway.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



AN ARTIST'S DAUGHTER; AND A POLITICIAN'S SISTER:  
YOUNG ACTRESSES OF ESPECIAL INTEREST TO "SKETCH" READERS.



1. DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS "PUNCH" CARTOONIST:  
MISS SYLVIA RAVEN-HILL, WHO HAS JUST GONE ON  
THE STAGE, AT DALY'S.

2. SISTER OF A FAMOUS POLITICIAN: MISS LOUIE E. SMITH (ELIZABETH  
ROSSLYN) WHO IS TO PLAY A PART IN MR. ROBERT LORAINE'S  
NEW PRODUCTION AT THE CRITERION.

We here present, to use a Frohmanism, portraits of two young actresses which should prove of special interest. Miss Raven-Hill is the daughter of that well-known and popular artist, Mr. L. Raven-Hill, whose cartoons are such a feature of "Punch." She will be nineteen in May, and has gone on to the stage, believing that every girl should have a profession. She was educated at Roedean, near Brighton, and studied singing and dancing in Paris. Dancing she looks upon as her chief accomplishment. Miss Louie E. Smith, who is known on the stage as Miss Elizabeth Rosslyn, is a sister of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. She went on tour some little while ago in "The March Hare," a farcical comedy by her brother, Mr. Harold Smith, M.P. Later, she toured as Lady Muriel in "The House Opposite," and played also Anna in "A Doll's House," and Emily in "Life's Importance." Later still, she appeared as Dorothy Vernon in "For the King." Beginning last August, she understudied at His Majesty's, then she went to the Criterion to play the Parlourmaid in "Man and Superman."—[Photograph of Miss Raven-Hill by Foulsham and Banfield.]





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

**S**TALBRIDGE (Dorset) called a parish meeting to consider the provision of a water-supply, but resolved that the question be adjourned till the next dry summer. As the immediate question all over the country was how to get rid of the floods, it is evident that there are wise men in Gotham.

Forgetfulness is now said to be indispensable to success in business. Why do they find out these things so late? Thousands of budding geniuses have been kicked out of City offices before now owing to their being unappreciated experts in this art.



Last week a further extension of the scheme to improve British poultry and to strike a blow at the importation of millions of foreign eggs was made at Hosier Lane, E.C. We are at last going back to the ideas of our forefathers in Nelson's day, who "scorned the foreign yolk."

The Suffragan Bishop of Willesden says that subscriptions to foreign missions are the last things a man should drop when he is bled white by the tax-gatherer. That is quite in the altruistic style of the day. 'Throw a couple of English servants on to the unemployed market, but, in the name of Mrs. Jellyby, do not stint the little niggers of Borriboola Gha of their pocket-handkerchiefs!

The Rev. Leon Linden, of Aurora, Ill., suggests that as soon as a man is married a small hole should be bored in the lobe of his left ear as a token of his matrimonial status. We are getting on, or back, whichever you like to call it. Among many Eastern nations boring the ears was a sign of slavery.

For centuries the Clan Macfarlane has not held a gathering. To the weird, wild slogan, or haggis, or whatever it is called, of "Cattle-lifting we will go," they assembled at a vegetarian restaurant. Clansmen lift their cattle from the kail-yard now in bonnie Scotland.



## TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

(P. G. Beavan, the £200,000 farm-labourer, has been snowed under by begging letters, commercial circulars, political appeals, and such-like.)



Percy, if two hundred thousand pounds

Were suddenly left to you  
(This is the riddle the *Mirror* propounds),

"What would you choose to do?"

You think you'd go for a motor-car,  
Champagne in quarts and a fat cigar,  
And pose as exceedingly popular  
With every man you knew.

If you had two hundred thousand pounds,  
I haven't a doubt you would  
Rejoice to bound as the bounder bounds  
Whenever his pile "makes good."

As a matter of fact, you would have to shun  
The Suffragette, the political gun,  
The cadger, the beggar, the charity dun,  
And all the ear-biting brood!

The *Hamburger Nachrichten* says that the number of German Admirals is to be raised to forty, with a Grand Admiral at their head. Surely there is only one Grand Admiral in Germany, unless he is for the future to be the Grandissimo Admiralissimo.



## THE NEW 'FLU.

(The new influenza, which is fashionable this winter, lasts only twenty-four hours, but it makes the most of them.)

It's, sure, an American microbe  
That lately has cornered the 'flu,  
It grabs you one morning at lunch-time,  
And in twenty-four hours it's "through."  
It comes in a deuce of a hurry,  
It gets you at once in the neck,  
Its method is bustle, its motto is hustle,  
Which leaves you a jellyfied wreck.

The old influenza bacillus,  
Which lasted a leisurely week,  
In the slow-going manner of Yurup,  
Is now as old-fashioned as Greek.  
The new dots its right in your eyeballs,  
And jabs you its left on the nose;  
It floors you one morning without any warning,  
And when you're knocked silly it goes.



Dr. Liebknecht, the Potsdam Socialist, says that the Socialists will be the most powerful party in the Reichstag, and that therefore the peace of the world is assured. If this does not bring about a European war, nothing will.



In the discussion on English waiters it has been stated that at least one of them knows the philosophy of Socrates, and even of Herbert Spencer. It would be much more to the point if he studied the systems of Lucullus and, for certain clients, of Vitellius.

"You must realise that the days of Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, and Spring-Heeled Jack are gone," said Mr. Justice Darling to a boy prisoner. With all respect to so learned and witty a Judge, these heroes are having the time of their lives—in politics.

Listen to the Fashion Expert! "Inches will count this season, and the daughter of the gods, divinely tall, will be Fashion's favourite peg for the new mode's displays." Rather a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, this using of the daughter of the gods for a clothes-peg.

Caddies at some golf-courses near London are being taught gardening. On the links a gardener is understood to be a man who spatters the turf all over the place when he is trying to drive his ball.

A Copper Exchange, says the *Evening News*, is expected to be opened at Havre in the early days of February. Here! This won't do! We can't afford to swop our bobbies off for their French imitations.

A sea-gull spends two pounds a week on its fish diet, for it eats about two hundred pounds' worth of herrings a year. From "Budgets, and How to Balance Them," by an Aviator.





## TO REMOVE HIS TREASURES FROM SOUTH KENSINGTON.



THE KING OF MONEY AND A GREAT LOVER OF ART: MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN AT MONTE CARLO, SHORTLY BEFORE LEAVING FOR EGYPT.

It is not easy to obtain photographs of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. It has been said of him that there are scarcely fifty men in the financial district of New York who have a speaking acquaintance with him. Silence is his strength, and his friendship is reserved for a very few. "When he drives up to his house or his office in New York he is out of his cab or automobile and into the building in two strides swift and purposeful. Anyone who hoped to intercept him would carry away nothing from the intent but the mental impression of the financier's air of extraordinary vigour and the recollection of the intent and piercing expression of his eyes fixed straight before him." Mr. Pierpont Morgan's name is particularly on British lips at the moment, in view of the announcement that he is about to transfer gradually to the United States these superb art treasures he has lent for so long to the South Kensington Museum. Only a short time ago he reckoned that the duties on his collection, if taken to New York, would be at least six million dollars. Now the American law has been changed. Hence, no doubt, his move, for he is a patriotic American. He has said, too, that in the case of his death a double duty would have to be paid on his treasures, both in England and in America, were they in this country at the time. It is pointed out, however, that he is in error in thinking that duty would have to be paid here; objects of art were exempted by the Budget of 1909, unless sold.—[Photograph by E. Navello.]





BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**"The (Prohibited) Coronation."**

Everyone who has seen or read Miss Christopher St. John's play "The Coronation"—except the Censor and his comic camp—is well aware that

there was no excuse for the refusal of a license. The play, when presented (privately) at the Savoy Theatre to a full house, acted very well, and proved to be a powerful brief work, somewhat Socialistic, perhaps, in tone. An excellent performance was given by Mr. Tearle as the King, and a superb piece of acting by Miss Haidee Wright as a woman of the people. On the same occasion Miss Sterling MacKinlay sang a number of old songs charmingly. The programme also included "The Man of Destiny," in which Miss Margaret Halstan acted admirably and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke played perfectly.

**"Rutherford and Son."**

Miss Sowerby has leapt into fame with startling suddenness. Her "Rutherford and Son" is a fine achievement. It was produced one afternoon at the Court Theatre, unheralded, unparagraphed, and unpuffed, and made its mark at once as a play that really matters. It portrays living men and women, and the whole picture is one of singular dramatic power. Mr. McKinnel played superbly, and hardly less can be said of the work of Mr. A. S. Homewood and Miss Edyth Olive.

**The Shrewdness of Virtue.**

It is all very well for Mr. Cosmo Hamilton to talk of "The Blindness of Virtue," but one cannot help noticing that the moral of his play seems to be that Virtue is a profitable investment, and that the innocence of ignorance may be useful to young ladies of no fortune who want a husband with, apparently, great expectations. The work appears to point out the perils of the process of inventing a story and a set of characters in order to prove a proposition. The *dramatis personæ* manufactured to order rarely are lifelike, and this was so much the case in the new play that I found it hard to take the piece seriously. No doubt the play is written quite earnestly, and I felt very sorry to be in the wrong mood, since I am sympathetic with everyone who tries to introduce new themes, and I also accept the proposition that girls (and also boys) ought at an early stage to have lessons in matters of elementary sex physiology; but I do not accept the proposition that ignorance leads young ladies into behaving with the quaint immodesty of Miss Effie. The audience seemed to

like the play, and there was an unusual amount of applause at the end of the third act. Mr. Owen Nares played the very difficult part of the young man very finely. Miss Margery Maude acted charmingly as Effie; and, except in the violent scenes, Mr. Kenyon was excellent in the character of the parson. Miss Polly Emery was funny as a low-comedy servant. Miss Beryl Faber could do little with a poor part.



WITH HIS HEN-COOP FIRE-ENGINE: MR. ALFRED LESTER IN "THE VILLAGE FIRE-BRIGADE," AT THE TIVOLI.

Mr. Alfred Lester's latest enterprise takes the form of most amusing appearances at the Tivoli in "The Village Fire-Brigade," and he is seen a solitary man in sole charge of an engine so valuable that it is used for the greater part of its time as a hen-coop. Mr. Lester is as merry and bright as is his custom, which is as much as to say that the sketch goes with a roar.

otherwise clever study of Ferrand, the vagabond philosopher. Miss Margaret Morris gave a vivid picture of the flower-girl; and

as Timson, the drunken old cabby, Mr. Wilfrid Shine was comic without exaggeration. Mr. W. Kane played the charitable artist cleverly enough to make him really human.



THE CENSORED PLAY WHICH WAS PRODUCED THE OTHER DAY: "THE CORONATION," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

"The Coronation" was censored, it is understood, because of the Socialistic tendencies of its chief character, the young King Henricus of Omnisterre, the part played at the private performance at the Savoy by Mr. Godfrey Tearle. After the curtain had fallen, the audience passed the following resolution, with one dissenter: "That this house, after seeing the play called 'The Coronation,' is of the opinion that the conduct of the Lord Chamberlain in refusing to license the play is wholly unjustifiable; and desires to put on record its protest against the refusal."

some very clever acting, notably by Miss Compton, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Miss Martin Harvey—a débutante—Miss May Whitty, and Mr. Sherbrooke.

**"The Bear- R. C. Leaders." Car-**

ton's new farce is rather disappointing: it has the Carton cleverness of idea and the Carton wit, but not the Carton construction. A very funny first act promised much, and then came complication upon complication, new character after new character, whilst the play stood still. Much laughter at times, but decidedly intermittent, showed the lack of growth in the piece. There was



## SNAP-SHOTTED ON THE SUNNY SHORE: RIVIERA CELEBRITIES.



"CHERUBINO" SERVING: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*



"TURBANED" FOR THE GAME: COUNTESS TORBY PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*



LINKED SWEETNESS: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE GOLFING.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER, COUNTESS NADEJDA TORBY PLAYING TENNIS AT NICE.

*Photograph by Fleet.*



PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS AT CANNES: THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL OF RUSSIA.

*Photograph by Fleet.*



AT MONTE CARLO: LORD WESTBURY, THE THIRD BARON.

*Photograph by Navello.*



FROM THE YACHT "ALBERTA" AT MONTE CARLO: LORD AND LADY MICHELHAM.

*Photograph by Navello.*



PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO: LORD NUNBURNHOLME.

*Photograph by Navello.*

Miss Maggie Teyte needs no introduction to the readers of "The Sketch," who remember her especially for her charming Cherubino in the "Nozze di Figaro."—Countess Torby, so well known in British Society, is the wife of the Grand-Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia, to whom she was married at St. Remo in 1891. At that time she was known as Sophie, Countess of Merenberg. The Grand-Duke's elder daughter, the Countess Anastasia Torby, was born in 1892, the younger, Countess Nadejda, in 1896. His only son, Count Michael, is fourteen.—Lord Westbury was formerly in the Scots Guards. In 1882 he married Lady Agatha Manners Tollemache, sister of the 9th Earl of Dysart. He has one son, the Hon. Richard Bethell.—Lord Michelham, the first Baron of a creation dating from 1905 and a Baronet from the same year, is the only son of Baron (Hermann) de Stern. In 1898 he married Miss Aimée Geraldine Bradshaw, daughter of Mr. Octavius Bradshaw, of Powderham Castle, Devon.—Lord Nunburnholme, the second Baron, served in South Africa in 1899 and 1900, with the Mounted Infantry of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the D.S.O. Lady Nunburnholme was Lady Marjorie Cecilia Wynn-Carrington, and is a daughter of the first Earl Carrington.—The Grand-Duke Cyril of Russia is a son of the late Grand-Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, and was born in 1876.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

LIKE more than one of his royal relatives by marriage, the Duke of Fife's views and judgments reflected the lessons learnt in ordinary converse with his contemporaries, rather than any that might be formed within the closed doors of palaces. He liked public rather than private opinion. In the first moment of leisure after the wreck of the *Delhi*, he sought out a stranger who had been near by during the rescue. "Now, frankly, how did the conduct of the ladies of my party impress you?" he asked; nor was the note of pride in his challenge diminished by the reply of the stranger.

*Excelling.* Dublin was serious almost to the point of bitterness when the sudden death of their son threw Lord and Lady Aberdeen into mourning and marred a Castle season. The Lord Lieutenant and his wife, whose zeal for duty knows no end, had determined that no private affliction should again stand between them and a capital intent on social pleasures, and Dublin is very intent indeed. The death of Lieutenant Barclay not long ago was no small bereavement and a cause for family mourning, which the death of Lord Stanmore

"*I Am so Vague.*" While Lord Rosebery was composing a speech for the "Boz" Club dinner, Lady Sibyl Grant was also at her desk. The daughter has not a little of her father's talent for phrases; hers is a feminine edition of the Primrose path in words. "Vagueness as practised to-day," she says, "can be made quite attractive; it wards off the chill of a blunt refusal—I am so vague. May I let you know to-morrow?" Lady Sibyl is not at all vague herself: if she were, she would not be spoiling vague devices for daily use by giving them away.

She is not vague enough, either, to spell her name "Sybil"—an incorrect version dear to her vaguer namesakes, partly, perhaps, because Disraeli so labelled his heroine.

*The Gorgeous West.* Among Londoners newly housed are Lord and Lady Darnley, who have taken 42, Grosvenor Place, and will probably be among the first people for whom the military sculptor's prancing horses on Burton's Arch will lose the charm of novelty. They have been given by a pessimistic friend two months in which to get utterly weary of the extended arm of the very conventional sculptured female: their term is only until Easter!



ABOARD AN UNUSUAL SHIP: CAPTAIN BRYAN GODFREY-FAUSSETT, EQUERRY TO THE KING.

Captain Godfrey-Faussett has been an Equerry since 1901. In 1907 he married Miss Eugénie Ward, daughter of the late Mr. William Humble Dudley Ward and Eugénie, daughter of the first Viscount Esher. He retired from the Navy in 1906.—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]

twin-sons experimenting as Viceregal pages, are not alone in mingling private and public mourning. The Speaker, who, more than any Parliamentary personage, must be attentive to the decrees and degrees of Court etiquette, had already announced that he would not give his usual official dinners or hold the accustomed levées during the coming season. The death of his father obliged him to adopt this course; the death of the Duke of Fife relieves him somewhat from a sense of obtruding his private loss upon the official world.



AN EQUERRY WHO ACCOMPANIED THE KING TO INDIA: COLONEL THE HON. SIR DEREK KEPPEL.

Sir Derek was an Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales from 1893 until 1910, in which year he was appointed to the same position to the King. He is the second son of the seventh Earl of Albemarle. He married the Hon. Bridget Harbord, daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield, in 1898.

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.

last week renewed and doubled. But their Excellencies duly appeared at the Society functions which brought in the season ten days ago. They did not shirk even the quadrille at the ball at the Rotunda, but led the way in the dance. In the middle of these somewhat enforced gaieties came the news that caused the cancellation of the dance in St. Patrick's Hall, but which, after communications from the Lord Chamberlain, did not result in a postponement of the first Drawing-Room.

"*The Public Show.*" Lord and Lady Aberdeen, among whose guests at the Castle are Lord and Lady Carrick, with



OF THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF BEEFSTEAKS: COMMANDER SIR CHARLES CUST (X) ON CAMEL-BACK.

Sir Charles, who accompanied the King to India, has been an Equerry to his Majesty since 1892. He is the third baronet of a creation which dates from 1876, the year in which General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, for many years Master of the Ceremonies to Queen Victoria, was first able to set "Bt." after his name. He is by way of being a clubman: he belongs to the Naval and Military, the Marlborough, the Turf, Brooks's, and the Beefsteak.—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]



MINISTER IN ATTENDANCE ON THE KING IN INDIA: THE MARQUESS OF CREWE.

Lord Crewe has been Secretary-of-State for India since November 1910, having previously been for two years Secretary of State for the Colonies. He has also been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord President of the Council, and Lord Privy Seal. He was a canopy-bearer at the Coronation.

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.

A little further south-west Cassandra Countess of Rosse has taken a house for two months. She finds the neighbourhood of Eaton Square jubilant about its new postal baronet. Lord and Lady Lilford are expected in the square to-day. A house in Grosvenor Gardens has been taken, also till Easter, by Mr. Colin and Lady Angela Campbell, and Lord and Lady Ranfurly, with Lady Eileen Knox and Lord Northland, have returned to Lennox Gardens for the season. The Duchess of Westminster, back from Mürren, has been busy at Prince's consoling herself for the loss of the ice of Switzerland.



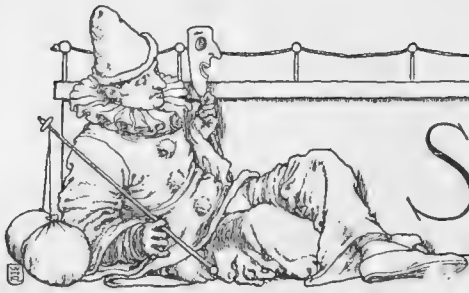
## STUDDY'S DOG STUDIES.



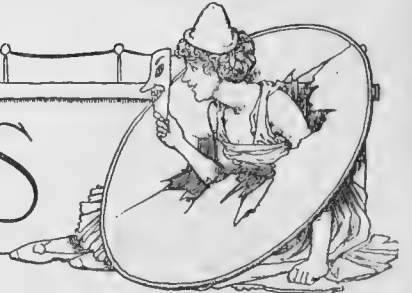
"THERE IS NEVER A ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





# STAR TURNS



MR. HARRY GRATTAN.

MR. HARRY GRATTAN holds a distinguished position not only in the music-halls, on which he is admittedly a star, but in the regular theatre, and on the so-called "irregular," or musical-comedy, stage. He is, indeed, a man of great versatility, a characteristic he inherits from his father, a distinguished actor, theatrical manager, and author of seventy-odd plays.

It was his father who put Mr. Harry Grattan on the stage, to play Little Harry in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when he was only five years old, for no child ever had less desire for a public career.

When Mr. Jefferson came to London to play "Rip Van Winkle" Harry and his sister were taken to that famous actor to see if they would suit for the parts. Mr. Jefferson at once engaged them. "What shall I do about teaching them?" said Mr. Grattan. "Don't," replied the great Rip; "leave them alone if you want them to act without knowing." On that principle they were educated, and became the most famous child-actors of their day. Mr. Grattan was principal boy in the children's pantomimes which ran for three years at the Adelphi, and his sister was principal girl, Miss Connie Gilchrist, now Countess of Orkney, being the Harlequin and Mr. Bertie Coote, now at the Hippodrome, being the Clown. Miss Ada Blanche, of the Shaftesbury, was also in the company. At Drury Lane they played the Princes in the Tower in "Richard III."; and Mr. Grattan was the boy in "Henry V." who acts as interpreter between Pistol and the French soldier. After the season at Drury Lane he and his sister went on tour, playing "Richard III."; Mr. Grattan, aged eleven, was Richard, and his sister, a couple of years younger, doubled Queen Anne and Richmond. In the Bosworth Field Scene they did the elaborate fight which Barry Sullivan had done at Drury Lane. One evening Miss Grattan insisted on playing Richard, so the children changed parts. When they came to the fight, Mr. Grattan forgot that he had to reverse the sword-play. He therefore rushed at his sister with the stroke he always made as Richard. She, however, remembered to change her stroke, with the result that they hit each other on the head. They both fell to the stage and howled for all they were worth, to the intense amusement of the audience.

As a child, too, Mr. Grattan acted Arthur to Henry Irving's Hubert at a benefit given at the Lyceum. "So you're an actor, are you?" said Irving, patting the little boy on the head at the first rehearsal. "Yes, Mr. Irving," the boy answered brightly. "I am learning too, myself," said Irving, with the characteristic, half-drawling mannerism which distinguished him in private life at that time. His performance affected Mr. Grattan profoundly, and he has been heard to say that it was the only time he was ever made to feel anything on the stage.

After playing all the boy's parts in all the productions in London he took over grown-up parts. He used to amuse himself by imitating Mr. Arthur Roberts, with the result that when that popular comedian was at the Avenue Theatre he applied for an engagement to understudy him. In the play then running, Mr. Roberts used to sing an imitation French song. Mr. Grattan knew no French—except a pathetic ballad. This he incorporated into the song with such success that he was at once engaged at a salary of thirty shillings a week to understudy Mr. Roberts and sing in the

chorus. Three weeks later he got the chance of playing Mr. Roberts's part. The next day he was given a contract for three years at £8, £10, and £12 a week, and in due course he played most of the parts associated with the name of that popular comedian.

Then came a period of comic opera and pantomime, both in London and the provinces, before he went to the Gaiety, where he remained for seven years with Mr. George Edwardes. In "The Orchid" he determined to make up like Mr. Chamberlain. Before

doing so, however, he wrote to ask if that statesman would have any objection. Mr. Chamberlain replied that he "left it entirely to Mr. Grattan's discretion." His "discretion" was the better part of success, for the likeness was a triumph of make-up.

Mr. Grattan's association with the music-halls began at the Palace, when he and Mr. Fred Storey played "Prudes on the Prowl," an excerpt from the musical play, "All My Ivanhoe," produced at the Duke of York's. Its success, coupled with the insistence of Mr. Fred Emney, with whom Mr. Grattan had been associated in certain sketches, led him to play the part in "Man the Brute" which he had written for Dan Leno. It ran three years, and was followed by "The Plumbers" in which Mr. Grattan played a boy. One Monday night, in one of the provincial towns, Mr. Grattan went down rather early on to the stage. There is, not infrequently, considerable confusion behind the scenes on Monday, for the stage hands have not got used to the scenery of the new bill. Seeing him standing about in his workman's clothes, one of the stage men, thinking him to be a new hand who had been taken on for the week, turned to him and said, "Come on, you lazy young bloke, and give us a hand." For the sake of the joke, Mr. Grattan did give a hand with the scenery. Two or three nights later, when he came off the stage, his fair wig was sopping wet with the water which is used in the play. He therefore took off his wig and revealed his own prematurely grey hair. "Blimey, Bill," said the stage-man to his comrade, "the lazy young bloke is an old bloke!"

As a black-and-white artist, Mr. Grattan's name is not unknown to old readers of *The Sketch*, for several of his silhouettes were published in these pages a few years ago. Emulating his father's association with *Punch*, he once tried to get on the staff of that paper, and sent what he thought was a funny drawing to the editor. With the sketch was a letter: "If this drawing is good enough, will you please insert it. If not, kindly return it." In a day or two the drawing came back with Mr. Grattan's letter, but the "if" was scratched out, and in front of the

word "good" was written the word "not" in Sir Frank Burnand's writing.

Among Mr. Grattan's other sketches must be named "Satan," (a remarkable study of an ape, which was written for Mr. Sillward, the Nana of "Peter Pan") as well as "Buying a Gun," which he and Mr. G. P. Huntley are now playing at the Coliseum for a second visit. As a producer, Mr. Grattan's name has been associated with many plays, including "The Arcadians," at the Shaftesbury, and "Cinderella," at the Playhouse, and he has also done a good deal of odd work of this kind for Mr. George Edwardes and other managers.



WEARING HIS SPURS UPSIDE DOWN! SIGNOR CARUSO AS DICK JOHNSON, THE ROAD AGENT, IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" provides Signor Caruso, the world-famous tenor, with a part after his own heart, as well as after the hearts of his audiences.—[Photograph by the Mishkin Studio.]



## LÈSE - MAJESTÉ — WITHOUT INTENT.



THE CHAIRMAN (*suffering from nervousness on his first appearance in the chair, and rising after the loyal toasts have been drunk*):  
Gentlemen, now that the King and Queen are drunk—you may smoke.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## UNIFORMLY SPOILING FOR A FIGHT: CHINESE AMAZONS.



## DETERMINED TO GET NOTE—NOT VOTE: WOMEN SOLDIERS OF SHANGHAI.

The correspondent who sends this photograph from Shanghai describes it as follows: "Shanghai Battalion of Republican Chinese lady soldiers. The members of the Shanghai female battalion are from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, and most of them are daughters of well-to-do merchants. They are now in Nanking, waiting orders to march to the front."—[Photographs by Higgins; Shanghai.]



## IMITATING EARTHIER THINGS: LAND-FOOD FOR A SEA-ELEPHANT.



BEGGING FOR BUNS AND BREAD: THE BABY SEA-ELEPHANT AT THE "ZOO"  
EAGER FOR AN UNNATURAL DIET.

To the considerable astonishment of zoologists, the baby sea-elephant at the "Zoo" shows a great liking for buns and bread, for which he begs "sitting" on his tail. Indeed, he will eat nearly anything, and he is being watched carefully, as it is feared that the unnatural food he favours may not agree with him. When full-grown he will weigh more than the biggest of the land elephants. His trunk, a remarkable characteristic of the adult, remains at present nothing more than a rudimentary wrinkle.

*Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.*



## MASTER MARINER AND MASTER MIND.\*

Joseph Conrad's  
"Ego."

It is impossible to deal adequately in a column with Mr. Joseph Conrad's "ego," as revealed by himself. His are not as other Reminiscences. The "Familiar Preface," even, is signed with his unfamiliar initials, "J. C. K." "I haven't lived through wonderful adventures to be related *seriatim*," he writes. "I haven't known distinguished men on whom I could pass fatuous remarks. I haven't been

mixed up with great or scandalous affairs." Thus it comes that his personal narrative is exceptionally, almost singularly, impersonal. "Mr. Nicholas B., sub-lieutenant of 1808, lieutenant of 1813 in the French Army," a mere grand uncle of his, and a "character" at that, despite the Legion of Honour, the Polish Cross for Valour, and a temporary diet of dog during the retreat from Moscow, plays a part equal almost to his own. Let us be content, then, to touch upon a couple of phases—the seafaring man and the writer: for they, at least, are seen unveiled; the presence is actual, not suspected.

and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. . . . 'How do you do?' It was the greeting of the General's daughter. I had heard nothing—no rustle, no footsteps. I had felt only a moment before a sort of premonition of evil . . . then came the sound of the voice and the jar as of a terrible fall from a great height—a fall, let us say, from the highest of the clouds floating in gentle procession over the fields in the faint westerly air of that July afternoon. I picked myself up quickly, of course; in other words, I jumped up from my chair stunned and dazed, every nerve quivering with the pain of being uprooted out of one world and flung into another—perfectly civil. 'Oh, how do you do? Won't you sit down?' That's what I said. . . . Observe, I didn't howl at her, or start upsetting furniture, or throw myself on the floor and kick, or allow myself to hint in any other way at the appalling magnitude of the disaster. The whole world of Costaguana (the country, you may remember, of my seaboard tale), men, women, headlands, houses, mountains, town, *campo* (there was not a single brick, stone, or grain of sand of its soil I had not placed in position with my own hands); all the history, geography, politics, finance; the wealth of Charles Gould's silvermine, and the splendour of the magnificent Capataz de Cargadores, whose name, cried out in the night . . . dominated even after death the dark gulf containing his conquests of treasure and love—all that had come down crashing about my ears. I felt I could never pick up the pieces—and in that very moment I was saying, 'Won't you sit down?'

Robbed of Twenty  
Lives.

Thus the creative artist faced by fair Tragedy. "I am afraid I interrupted you," she said. "Not at all," said the writer. "She accepted the denial in perfect good faith. And it was strictly true. Interrupted, indeed! She had robbed me of at least twenty lives, each infinitely more poignant and real than her own, because informed with passion, possessed of convictions, involved in great affairs created out of my own substance for an anxiously meditated end. . . . I suppose that, being no longer very young, I might have been on the verge of having a stroke. . . . Afterwards I told the lady where she would find my wife . . . She nodded and went off with her dog, leaving me appalled before the death and devastation she had lightly made. . . ." For such as that Mr. Conrad's book more than repays the reading, by such as that does Mr. Conrad become, to those who know him only through written words,

much more than "a movement and a voice behind the draperies of fiction." The many who realise that he is one of the most masterly—and, what is the same thing, one of the most human—of the novelists of the generation will certainly declare his Reminiscences a valuable addition to his works. Especially will they find enthralling his faithful presentation of the feelings and sensations connected with the production of his first book, "Almayer's Folly," and his first contact with the sea.

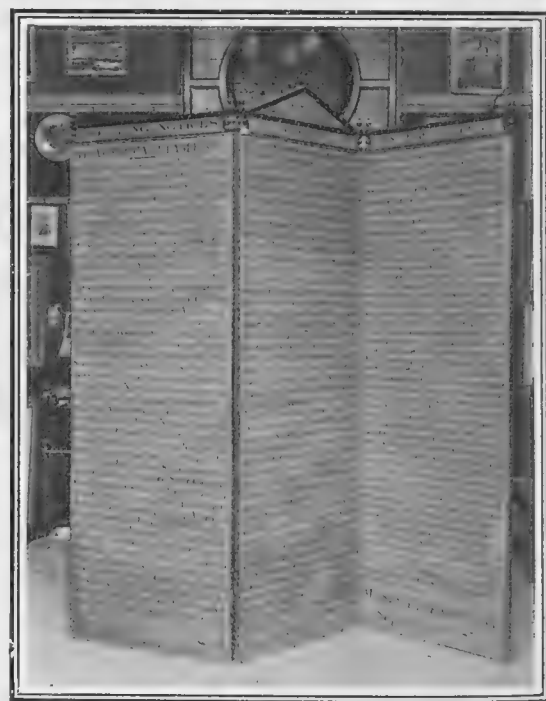


WRITER OF "SOME REMINISCENCES",  
MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

Mr. Conrad was born in December 1857, of Polish parentage. His first work, "Almayer's Folly," was published in 1895. He holds a master's certificate in the Merchant Service.—[Photograph by Beresford.]

in the Merchant Service, he met a character as odd as any he ever created. "He was motionless, mysterious, remote, enigmatical. . . . He began by trying to make me talk nonsense. But I had been warned of that fiendish trait. . . . He kept inscrutably silent for a moment, and then, placing me in a ship of a certain size, at sea, under certain conditions of weather, season, locality, etc.—all very clear and precise—ordered me to execute a certain manoeuvre. Before I was half through with it he did some material damage to the ship. Directly I had grappled with the difficulty he caused another to present itself, and when that, too, was met he stuck another ship before me, creating a very dangerous situation. I felt slightly outraged by this ingenuity in piling up trouble upon a man. 'I wouldn't have got into that mess,' I suggested mildly; 'I would have seen that ship before.' He never stirred the least bit. 'No, you couldn't; the weather's thick.' . . . Finally he shoved me into the North Sea (I suppose) and provided me with a lee-shore with outlying sandbanks—the Dutch coast presumably. Distance, eight miles. . . . 'Have I the two anchors at the bow, Sir?' I asked. 'Yes.' I prepared myself then, as a last hope for the ship, to let them both go in the most effectual manner, when his infernal system of testing resourcefulness came into play again. 'But there's only one cable. You've lost the other.' It was exasperating. 'Then I would back them, if I could, and tail the heaviest hawser on board on the end of the chain before letting go; and if she parted from that, which is quite likely, I would just do nothing. She would have to go.' 'Nothing more to do, eh?' 'No, Sir; I could do no more.' He gave a bitter half-laugh. 'You could say your prayers.' Odd questions followed on lights and signals—and a pass!

A "Nostromo" Tragedy. Difficulties have been every whit as tragic in tone in his career as writer. He was living in the last chapters of "Nostromo." For twenty months he had "wrestled with the Lord" for his creation . . . "for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men



HOW PICKWICK CAME BY HIS NAME: COACHING  
NOTICES OF MOSES PICKWICK AND CO.

Moses Pickwick and Co., whose notice-board from the White Hart, Bath, dated Sept. 1, 1830, is here shown, were Mail contractors and stage-coach proprietors. Doubtless the name "Pickwick" attracted Dickens when he was reporting at Bath.

Photograph by Dexter.

\* "Some Reminiscences." By Joseph Conrad. (Eveleigh Nash. 5s. net.)



# FOUR COURSES.



NO WAITERS! NO WAITING! THE TIP-LESS TABLE D'HOTE; A REVOLVING-DOOR DEVICE.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON

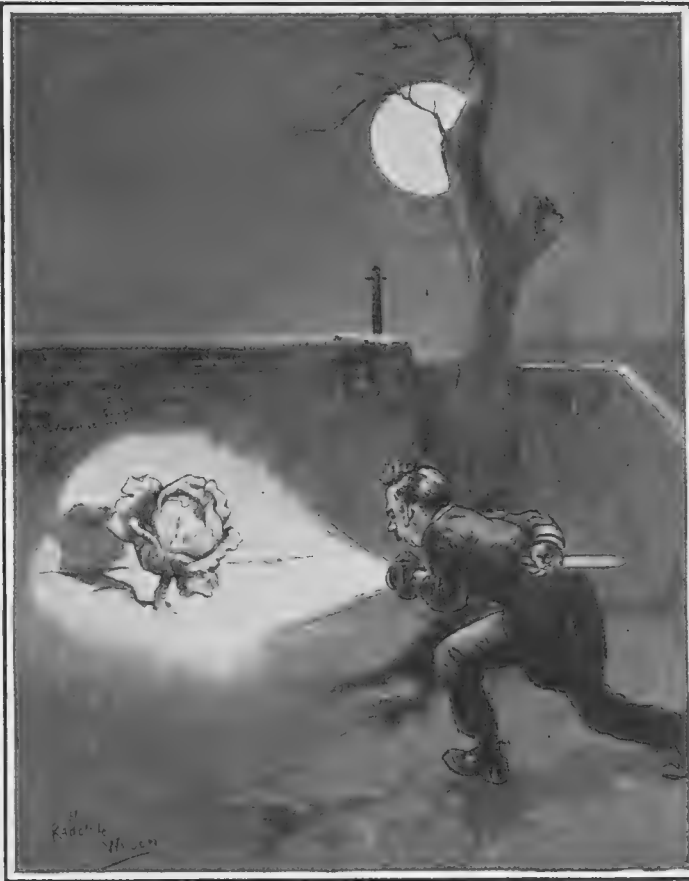


TABLE D'OAT! THE VEGETARIAN TRACKING DOWN HIS PREY AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE PLUMBER: Would yer Worship mind 'andin' me up me brief-bag?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



THE SALESMAN: Nah, ladies an' gen'lemen, if wot I sez respectin' this wonderful binvention is not correct, I am prepared to forfeit the sum of one thousand pounds sterlin'.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE



## A Novel in a Nutshell

## THE GUN THAT WAS.

By LIONEL F. BEGBIE.

WE had just taken an after-dinner stroll to the outskirts of the camp to see if the skins had been properly pegged out, and now we were stretching our toes out luxuriously towards a roaring camp-fire and sipping at our coffee.

It had been a great day. Prebble, my host, had secured two fine tigers—his seventy-third and seventy-fourth, so he wasn't much excited about them—while I had brought down a mangy and rather undersized tigress; but she was my first, and I wouldn't have changed places with Selous himself. Over and over again I rehearsed my feat to my own elated soul, recalling exactly where I had planted each bullet. I had taken five to settle the wretched beast—a horrid bit of bungling, as I now know, but I was not disposed to be critical of myself at the time. Each of Prebble's skins had just one workman-like hole a bit abaft the shoulder; nevertheless I preferred my own, though Prebble laughed at it and said it looked more like a colander than a tiger-skin. He also—rather unkindly, as I thought—made remarks about "patent aertex cellular tiger-skins." But he was a good fellow, and my host, and the chief instrument of my success in getting the tiger, so I let him pull my leg to his heart's content.

Presently he relented, and observed:

"Well, it's all very well my chaffing you, but the fact remains that you've got a tiger—of sorts—in your first week's shooting, whereas I took the best part of four years to get *my* first. Did I ever tell you that?"

No, he hadn't; and I was very astonished to hear it. I had imagined Prebble to be one of those happy mortals who attract tigers to them as readily as valerian attracts a cat—I should hardly have been surprised to hear that he had shot a tiger in his cradle. Besides, he was a Forest Officer stationed in the Central Provinces of India, and these were the happy days before the famines of 1897 and 1900 played havoc with the sporting animals of that grand shooting country, and anyone whose work lay in the jungles could reasonably count on bagging half-a-dozen tigers each season without going particularly out of his way for them. As for the really keen shikaris, they could literally number their skins by the hundred towards the end of their service. It was a revelation to go into their bungalows—every floor and every wall was stiff with their trophies, and you couldn't direct your eyes anywhere without gazing into glazy-pink jaws with horribly suggestive teeth fringing them, fixed in an eternal menacing gape. Generally on the verandah you would see one or two orphans of some recent tragedy tumbling about in athletic rivalry, and you were lucky if you got past these playful innocents with your 'store clothes' intact. I never found out what happened to these tiger-cubs: nobody ever kept a grown-up tiger, but, on the other hand, nobody ever dreamt of shooting a cub when it grew up, for "you had got too fond of the little beggar, you know." At the same time, they could not all have been sold to menageries or "Zoos." On the other hand, again, they couldn't be turned loose in the jungle: they were too civilised. It was a mystery impenetrable as that of the disposal of dead donkeys.

Prebble resumed:

"It's true, all the same. I was a regular laughing-stock. I can't tell you how I felt about it. I don't suppose any man ever worked harder to get his first tiger. And it wasn't that I was a bad shot, because I wasn't. I held as straight with a shot-gun as I do now. And it wasn't for want of seeing tigers, either, because I was always routing them out, at any rate in my first season. That, of course, made it worse, because, naturally, people couldn't understand that there could be any other reason for my missing except blue funk. I tell you I felt awfully bad—felt as if I were a disgrace to the Service, even at the end of my first year."

"I don't quite understand," I ventured to interpose. "You say you were as good a shot as you are now, and that you kept on meeting tigers. That being so, I can't see how you didn't get any."

"I was just going to tell you. It sounds inconsistent, I know, but it isn't. The fact was it was all through my Governor's rifle. My dear old Guv. was out here thirty years, you know, and was a famous shikari in his day. He bought one of the first breech-loaders that was ever made. It was considered a miracle of a gun in its day, and the Governor got so fond of it that he used it for the rest of his days out here, though by the time he retired it was long out of date and a good deal the worse for wear. But in the old man's eyes it was the best gun that had ever left a gunsmith's shop, and he wouldn't even look at anything more modern. And certainly the results he got with it justified his conservatism."

"Well, when I was just going to sail for India for the first time—in fact, within three hours of the time fixed for my start—the dear

old fellow comes down with the battered old case we had all revered so from childhood, because we always believed it contained the best rifle in the world, and thrusts it into my hand. I do believe he hadn't been able to screw himself up to part with his darling till the very end. He thrust it into my hand, as I say, and said huskily—"Take it, my boy," and turned away hastily.

"For a moment or so I was taken quite aback, and couldn't speak. I had never dreamed of his parting with it, even to me—it was like a sacred relic. Then I said, 'No, Guv'nor; no! I shall save up enough in a year to get one of my own. Why, I start on three hundred rupees a month!' (It seemed 'an awful lot to me then.') 'You can't get on without the old rifle. Stick to it, please, Guv'nor; I couldn't take it.'

"But he said, 'Nonsense, nonsense! It's no good to me now; I'm on the shelf. Four hundred pension—I can't even run to rabbits on it. No, my boy; you're to take up the old man's mantle—his Manton, I mean.'

"And he gave a pathetic, forced laugh. I knew how bad the old man must have been feeling to make a pun like that. And he went on saying, 'Stick to it, my boy; stick to it. It will stop a charging tiger dead, when your modern contraptions will go through and through him, and make a hole like a hat-pin. I shall know you're safe with Old Trusty.' And then he fairly ran from the room, leaving me, I'm not ashamed to say, with a big tear in each eye. And they all but come back now when I think of it all again."

"Well, I was duly posted on arrival to Junglepore, and you may imagine I wasn't long in getting to work among the beasts in a district like that. And I had all a beginner's luck as far as getting up to big game was concerned. I seemed to be always almost stepping on tiger and bison and sambur. But there my luck ended. Not a thing could I hit with Old Trusty, even when I had a target like a haystack. I knew all my native followers made fun of my constant misses behind my back, and I felt that I had no prestige with them. And what puzzled me most was that all the time I was bringing down duck and snipe with a cheap scatter-gun like an old campaigner."

"I've no doubt you think me dense not to have suspected my father's rifle, but—well, confound it, Crosfield, I don't suppose I can ever make you understand how I felt about that old shooting-iron. We were all just the same. I'd have no more thought of doubting its perfect accuracy than I would have of—well, say, of doubting my own existence. I used to test it on a target, but I always aimed plumb at the bull, and when I missed—as I always did—took the blame on myself. I never tried to aim anywhere else: I should have felt it an act of treason to my father and to his noble gift. I was a fool, of course, but rather an amiable young fool, I am conceited enough to think."

"One or two men did suggest to me that my rifle was a bit antiquated, and that that might be the reason of my trouble; but I always got quite ratty when anybody talked like that."

"It was my father's gun," I would say; "he did nearly all his shooting with it."

"My father's reputation still survived in those days, you know."

"I daresay they laughed at me for a young numskull behind my back, but I'm glad to say that nobody was ever swab enough to go on trying to take away Old Trusty's character, once I told them my reasons for pinning my faith to him."

"So I went on all through that first touring season, with every animal in the jungle playing touch-last with me, and with never a skin or horn to show for it. The worst was that, of course, I had to write to my father to tell him of my lack of success, and the old chap took it dreadfully to heart. Nearly every week he would write: 'Can't understand how you keep missing, especially with the old rifle. I do hope your next letter will bring the good news that you have laid your first tiger low.'

"Then at the end of the camping season came the explanation. Of course it was too late to be of any use that year. The Governor wrote in a postscript: 'It just occurs to me—though I hardly think it's likely—that you may have forgotten what I so often told you about the old rifle. You've got to aim about four inches out towards "five-o'clock" with the right barrel, and about five inches out towards "ten-o'clock" with the left. It may have puzzled you a bit at first, but you'll soon have got into it, and would find it quite as easy as the ordinary way. Perhaps you'd better test it again for yourself, as it's some years since I last did so, and possibly it's not quite as accurate as it then was. There was a time when the old beauty didn't want any allowances made for him, but I suppose we all suffer from the approaches of Anno Domini. I

[Continued overleaf.]



*Outside the Four - Mile Radius : Suburbia.*



II.—THE COMING OF AGE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

daresay I'm prejudiced, but I hardly look on the aberration as a failing—and, indeed, it doesn't matter a bit once you've got into it. I still believe you've got the best rifle in the world, and confidently expect to hear that you've settled your first tiger with it by now.'

"Well, that cleared up things a bit. Of course, the dear old chap had never breathed a word to me in his life about the old weapon's peculiarity—I believe he would have as soon thought of taunting an aged servant who had grown crippled with rheumatism in his service for being doubled up. But evidently he thought I knew all about it, and I hadn't the heart to undeceive him.

"But I took out Old Trusty and tested him. His long rest had done him no good—rather, it had completely demoralised him. It took me several days to arrive at the necessary 'allowance.' It varied now (that was rather disconcerting) between from nine to twelve inches out towards 'five-o'clock' with the right barrel, and from ten to fourteen inches towards 'half-past ten-o'clock' with the left. Well, I got those figures into my head, and I practised occasionally all through the rains with a target till I got very fairly accurate. But I didn't dare practise too assiduously, for I found the aberration tended to increase the more the poor old gun was loosed off."

Here Prebble made a perceptible pause, and then remarked abruptly:

"I like you, Crosfield. You've got decent instincts. I paused on purpose then to see if you would say 'Why didn't you chuck the old gun?' It was downright dangerous to go after tiger with it. You see, as I did, that I must, for the old Pater's sake, shoot at least my first tiger with it."

I made no disclaimer of this compliment, but I really hadn't been thinking anything of the kind. If I had been thinking of the matter at all, I should probably have been wondering how easily the whole Prebble family seemed to work up sentiment over an old bit of wood and iron. But, as a matter of fact, I had taken advantage of the pause to call up a picture of that third shot of mine at my mangy tigress—a beauty through the stomach. How it had made her cough!

Prebble resumed his narrative:

"Next camping season arrived, and I started forth full of confidence that I would soon wipe out my disgrace. But my luck in finding game had changed. I got a couple of sambar, which was something, but not a trace of a tiger did I come across until I had been camping for two months; then, at last, I got a beautiful free shot at a fine youngster who was doing a good lot of game-killing in the Moharli jungle. I made sure I had him—but what d'you think happened? I got mixed up—loosed off my right barrel at '10.30' and my left at '5,' instead of the other way round, and, of course, missed him by yards. I was as sick as you make 'em, I can tell you. It was a month before I got another chance—and then, blest if I didn't go and do exactly the same thing again! I nearly went off my head that time.

"Still, I wouldn't give up my resolution to stick to the old rifle until I had got one tiger with it. I hit on a plan which I was pretty sure would prevent me making that stupid mistake a third time. I wasn't going to trust my own memory any longer. So next time I got *khubber* of a tiger, I called up old Abdul Karim, my shikari who used to sit with me during beats, and told him that, directly he saw my rifle go up to the shoulder, he was to whisper '*Panch baje*' (five o'clock). I felt sure that would do the trick. The old chap naturally seemed a bit puzzled, but he nodded several times, and said '*Bahut achchha, Huzoor!*' and I had no doubt that he understood his instructions. But there was some devilish fiend of ill-luck pursuing me at this time. You're new to the country, and I daresay you'll find it difficult to credit that any native could do such a stupid thing as Abdul Karim did in all good conscience; but you won't be out here long before you find out that there's no idea too idiotic for a native to get on board once he begins misunderstanding you. I daresay my Hindustani wasn't very good at that time either, and I mayn't have explained myself as clearly to him as I thought.

"At any rate, what happened was this: We beat for the tiger next day, and the beaters brought him out right under my gun. As I raised Old Trusty to my shoulder, loud and clear from just behind me rose the metallic note of a gong! Of course, Master Stripes was off like smoke before I could even get in one barrel at him. *One! two! three! four! five!* out rang those infernal gong-beats. For a few moments I was too stupefied to understand what had happened. And then I turned and fell on poor old Abdul Karim in a paroxysm of fury. I'm ashamed to say I nearly throttled him, but I quite thought at the moment he had done it on purpose to lose me the tiger.

"The old fellow at length managed to wriggle himself free, and then explanations ensued. I suppose, really, the chief fault of the muddle lay with the language; if your only way of saying 'Five o'clock' is 'Five has struck' (*Panch baje*), it is apt to lead to confusion on occasion. At any rate, the idea I had managed to put into Abdul Karim's head was that, for some reason best known to myself, I wanted him to announce the hour of five on a gong, like they do at police-stations; as soon as I raised the rifle to my shoulder. I suppose he thought it was a kind of charm to change my luck, if he reasoned about it at all.

"He had taken an immense amount of trouble to fulfil what he supposed to be my wishes in the matter. As there was, of course, no gong in my camp, he had sweated out all the way to the

nearest Police Thana—five miles off—to ask the loan of the police gong. Of course the Head Constable refused, saying it was Government property, and that he could not give it up without orders from his superior officer. Karim, however, was not to be balked thus: he waited till midnight and then raided the Thana—the sentry being, needless to say, asleep—and carried away the gong in triumph.

"When we got back to camp the first person to meet us was the outraged Head Constable, who wanted to take poor Karim back to the Thana under arrest on a charge of housebreaking by night—as, indeed, he was fully entitled to do—but I managed to smooth him down. That wasn't the end of the business even then, for the matter had to be reported to the District Superintendent, who happened to be that *taqrari* [peppery] old fool Luck, who was a frightful stickler for police authority; and he took it up *con amore*, and ultimately got Karim fined twenty-five rupees. Of course, I paid that, and another hundred dubs for counsel to defend him, so altogether the misunderstanding cost me a pretty penny.

"Long before the case was over, I had been transferred to headquarters in a beastly office job, sitting on my hunkers all the year round, without even a chance of *shikar*. I was in that job for eighteen months, which took me well on into my fourth year—and I was still unable to say I had shot a tiger. I used to feel horribly out of it whenever the talk turned to tigers, as you may imagine. Everybody else had something to buck about—I had to sit mumchance. All my juniors were already booking their two and three or more a year, and the worst blow was when Cunningham came out and got a ten-footer in his very first beat. And my poor father—he said nothing, but I know he thought that I had dimmed the honoured name of Prebble.

"At last they posted me back to Junglepore, and I had my opportunity again. When I took out 'Old Trusty' to test him, I found that the last eighteen months had been for him a history of galloping senile decay. He shot all round the clock now at varying radii with either barrel; for anything above five or ten yards off it was absolute guesswork. Sentiment was all very well, but it would have been madness to go out with him now against the lord of the jungle.

"I still clung to my old hope of killing my first tiger with him for the old Guv'nor's sake, but I saw that I must compromise. I must get a young dog to bring my quarry to bay, so that the old hound could pull him down. In other words, I bought a new rifle to scotch my tiger, while I still intended to kill him with the old. I could then report to the Guv., giving all the credit to Old Trusty, who had killed where the younger generation had only maimed—I knew that would please him more than anything. Rather Jesuitical, you think? Well, yes, perhaps so, but I'm not ashamed of it, all the same. The Guv. was getting old and shaky, and I knew what it would mean to him.

"It was a mad and risky sort of programme, I daresay, but I carried it out to the letter. I marked down my tiger within a week, I shattered his near shoulder with my new purchase exactly as I intended, and then I caught up Old Trusty out of Karim's hand, and ran at that beast much as a soldier charges a battery. Oh, yes, it was idiotic enough, I grant you, and I deserved to have my head smashed in like an egg-shell, but I was fairly desperate and didn't care what happened. I got up to within two or three yards of that astonished animal and then pulled both triggers at once, levelling the weapon at his chest. At that identical thousandth part of a second he lashed out with his paw and caught the old rifle an almighty smack. It spun out of my hand, sent me reeling with the wrench, described a parabola of fully fifteen yards in the air, and then crashed into the trunk of a tree with a tremendous thud. When we picked it up afterwards, it was mere matchwood and scrap-iron twisted and tortured out of all recognition.

But though the tiger's blow had been quick, the bullets had been quicker. They had blown a hole in his chest you could have put your two fists into. He didn't live even to see the rifle hit the tree. He dropped like a log.

"I wrote a minute account of it all to the Guv'nor. I didn't know how he'd take the fate of Old Trusty, but I tried to soften the blow as much as I could by representing the old gun as kind of laying down its life for mine. It was a pious fraud, which I trust will be forgiven me."

Prebble stopped, cleared his throat, and went on in quite a changed and grave tone—

"Crosfield, there seemed to be a curious fatality about the whole business. My letter never reached the old fellow. He died suddenly of angina on the same day—almost at the same hour, allowing for the difference of time between England and India, as saw the end of the old gun."

He paused, and I murmured a few words of wonderment and sympathy. But I fear that a young fellow of twenty, dead keen on *shikar*, and fresh from his first great triumph, is apt to be a little self-centred. Three or four seconds later I was saying—

"Oh, Prebble, just listen to those jacks: they must have winded the carcasses. Isn't there a risk of their getting at the skins? Let's go round again and make sure that all's safe before we turn in."

Prebble grunted.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## A Good Golf Dream.

We were considering last week the pleasure that it is, to those who can do these things, to make a long journey in the train by night, dream through some part of it about golfing in Elysium, where it is all sunshine and flowers, music, and the singing of birds, and the



ON THE LINKS: SKATING ON THE LAKE OF WIMBLEDON GOLF COURSE, OPPOSITE THE CLUB-HOUSE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

smiles of fair women (I am assuming that in Elysium the birds and other things would be considered as an advantage and extra delight to the game by the golfers, as in our imperfect human state on earth they are not considered to be), and then to wake up and find the dream come true from the beginning to the end. That is what happens when you go off golfing to the Riviera in February—and, by the way, I think that little clause that I put in between the brackets up above is well justified, because I, for one, who hate larks when I am doing short putts here at home, and take no interest in the landscape and other gardening that goes on about the club-houses to which I am attached, gain vast joy from the colours and music of Nature when clubs and I are away by the tideless sea. It is, perhaps, because we have not had such enjoyment for so long, and it comes suddenly upon us. Golfers have great souls, after all. It is a fine walk to the course at Costebelle through the fields of narcissi and violets; but where is the approach to any club-house in the world that can equal the glory of the long avenue of mimosa skirting the full length of the eighteenth hole at Cannes? Valescure and Nice have their charms likewise, and so have the others too.

## The Golfer in Italy.

So far, there has been rather less of sunshine than is usual (I remember that at Hyères last season we were finding the mercury above the eighty mark constantly very early in the year); but the law of averages is very faithful to the Côte d'Azur, and it only means that there will be more brightness for the rest of the season, and I have come to the conclusion that, if one has a fair amount of time to spare, it is not a bad idea to make a fairly late start for the South, for it is then so much nicer to go golfing into the North of Italy afterwards, which is a delightful experience. There are some very playable courses about the Italian Lakes nowadays. There are two on Como, one being at Cernobbio and the other at Dervio, and there is another at Varese; and then there is golf also at Menaggio, as we were reminded the other day when reading about the strange and strong things that poor Mr. Labouchere used to say. He had very little sympathy with sports and games, thought horse-racing was the most stupid thing in the world, that golf in

Northern Italy was worse than sacrilege, and that golfers in knickerbockers were "out of the picture" in those parts. He was staying at Cadenabbia just when they had started the course at Menaggio, and a wagonette used to tool the players along there every day from one place to the other, the which annoyed "Labby" immensely, and made him say that such a proceeding ought to be stopped. And then, of course, many of those who golf by the lakes will think of going South and golfing more. The game is to be had at Florence, and the nine-hole course of the Rome Club out at Acqua Santa (which is reached by a train journey of a few minutes from the Central Station) is excellent, and is reported to be particularly good this year, the fairway and the putting-greens being in fine order. It is a fair, but a very difficult course, and I believe I am right in saying that no member has ever beaten the bogey, which is forty, though the club includes some strong players; and there are three boxes of balls waiting for the member who first does this feat. So there is a good reason for taking one of the roads to Rome.

## Riviera Novelties.

I ought, perhaps, to have said that the golfing man no sooner crosses from France to Italy, as it were, than he has the game presented to him, the offer being made at San Remo, where there is a very prettily situated course in a valley just outside the town. But to return to the Riviera; the game, I understand, is now being regularly played on the new Monte Carlo course up beyond La Turbie, and weekly medal competitions are instituted. At Nice, Mr. Peter Gannon, the great conqueror in Continental competitions, has been winning again; at Cannes, where they lately spent £400 on their putting-greens, the course is in good order; and at Hyères and Costebelle, which is near Hyères, they have been having some novel competitions. At the former they had a ladies' affair, in which the competitors, after entering their names, were invited to suggest the handicap which they thought they ought to have, ignoring the one officially allotted to them. To their credit be it said, they stuck, for the most part, to the real thing. At Costebelle they have had a mixed bogey competition, for single players, not by foursomes, the ladies being allowed ten strokes on



THE PROFESSIONAL OF CANNES GOLF CLUB, MANDELIEU: B. S. CALLAWAY DRIVING.

Callaway holds the professional record for the Cannes Golf Club course, 71. The amateur record is 72.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A NOTED GOLFER GIVING HINTS ON FANCY SKATING: MR. S. H. FRY AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Fry, whose handicaps vary at his different clubs from plus 3 to plus 5, was born in 1869, and is a Dulwich College boy. He has won the St. George's Vase twice, and was runner-up in the Amateur Championship in 1902. In 1907 he was runner-up in the Irish Open Championship, and he played for England v. Scotland in seven years. He has also won the Amateur Billiard Championship.—[Photograph by Topical.]

to their handicaps and short tees at one or two holes. A man just beat a lady by one hole. They have also had a mixed foursome competition, in which Mr. John Low, who is much attached to this place, and Miss E. Gwynne were the winning partners. And so the game goes on.



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## Acceptances.

Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser, and Lee, the handicappers, evidently intend to wind up their careers as a committee in a blaze of triumph. The Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban, two of their last big races before they disband in May, are tributes from owners to their united skill, for it is many a long day since so few as three in the City and Suburban and four in the great Metropolitan showed discontent with the work of the handicappers. A handicapper of the last generation said that a perfect handicap was one in which all or none of the owners accepted. Well, the committee have come very near to the former of those ideals, and they are to be heartily congratulated. The whole series of principal Spring Handicaps shows a satisfactory state of affairs from the handicappers' point of view, the only one to suffer much being the Queen's Prize, at Kempton, and even in that case there is ample material left for a thoroughly successful race. As regards the Grand National, it was not anticipated that the reduced scale and the consequent undue favouring of the top-weights would cause many defections amongst those at the heel; and although men are talking about the race being confined to Jerry M. and Rathnally, so many mishaps occur during the race that there is sure to be the usual number of horses started on the "off-chance." It seems, at a first glance, that Mr. C. Hibbert's Mercutio has been afforded a very good chance of emulating the feat of Ob in the Lincolnshire Handicap; but it is a far cry to the last week in March, and the race may be left at that.



TO RETIRE FROM THE MASTERSHIP OF THE BLANKNEY AT THE END OF THE SEASON: SIR ROBERT FILMER, Bt.

Sir Robert is the tenth Baronet and holds a title which came into being in 1674. Formerly in the Grenadiers, he served with the Nile Expedition of 1898, and was at Omdurman; and he was in the South African War.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Two Trainers. Two trainers who may be expected to play a very prominent part during the flat-race season this year are A. J. Joyner, of Balaton Lodge, Newmarket, and Alec Taylor, of Manton House, Wiltshire. It would be difficult to find men whose methods are more dissimilar. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Joyner trains for speed, and that Taylor regards that quality as a minor consideration. If method is to be judged by success, then each man must be included among the successful brigade, for the American has scored many notable triumphs since he came over here with Mr. H. P. Whitney's horses,

American-bred horses are useless for long-distance racing; hence his method is to an extent forced on him. The one horse that he has entered for the Ascot Gold Cup is All Gold, and that is an English-bred one. No fewer than thirty-three of the forty-four animals now in training at Balaton Lodge are two-year-olds, not one of which has yet been named. The sires represented are Voter, Hamburg, Broomstick, Burgomaster, Disguise, and Peter Pan. Taylor's team numbers forty-one, the prince of them being Lemberg, who, whatever excuses have had to be made for him on the occasion of his defeats by Swynford, can lay claim to being one of the very best, if not the absolute best of his age. Mr. Fairie may run him for the Ascot Gold Cup this year; certainly he appears to have a very good chance, for there is no doubt about his staying powers. The young Torpoints, of which there are three, are bound to have plenty of stamina, and their careers will be watched with interest. Their sire was a tremendous stayer.

Montrose II. From reports that come to hand now and again, Englishmen are told to anticipate that Mr. W. K.

Vanderbilt's Montrose II. may play a very prominent part in our Derby. This French colt was bred by Mme. Lemaire de Villiers, and in his first season met with a large measure of success. The last three races in which he ran were over a distance of 1600 metres, or a few yards short of a mile, so that no fears need be entertained as to his staying powers. Seldom can a line be got through English running to the chance possessed by a foreign horse, and if Montrose II. is an exception, the line is a very slender one. It comes through Jarrietiére, who was sent over here last year to run in the King George Stakes at Goodwood. Seeing that his conquerors in that event were Spanish Prince, Sunder, and Mushroom, the magnitude of the task he essayed can be easily imagined. Montrose II. twice defeated Jarrietiére—once by a length over 1000 metres, and once by three lengths over 1400 metres. A close study of the details of those races reveals little that can aid one to arrive at anything definite as to Montrose II.'s chance in our premier classic. It is good news, however, to hear that he is doing well, and Frenchmen are more than hopeful that the spoils will be taken across the Channel. Montrose II. is by Maintenon—Mario, and Mr. Vanderbilt gave 65,000 francs for him when he was a yearling.



MASTER OF THE ANGLESEY HARRIERS AND COMMANDING THE 3RD BATTALION DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY (RESERVE): LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LAWRENCE WILLIAMS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



AS SLUNG BETWEEN HORSES FOR CARRIAGE OVER ROUGH GROUND: THE NEW MILITARY KITCHEN INVENTED BY CAPTAIN MARINITCH.

Photograph by Branger.

and Taylor's name is a household word in connection with long-distance events. It does not follow that because Joyner confines his attentions to shorter races that he has a predilection for them. I imagine it is because he recognises that

Steeplechase, Butter Ball; Naval and Military Steeplechase, Another Delight; Gravetye Hurdle, Morisco. Saturday: Novices' Steeplechase, Ballymacad; Hever Hurdle, Chateau Vert; Hunters' Steeplechase, Snap; Gentlemen Riders' Hurdle, Abelard II.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At the time of writing, nothing seems so unlikely as racing; but on the extreme off-chance of it being possible I append a few selections. Gatwick, to-day: Surrey Steeplechase, A. J.; Wickham Hurdle, Silver Bay; Novices' Hurdle, Delnadampf. To-morrow: Throckmorton Hurdle, Newgrange; Stewards' Steeplechase, Uncle Sam IV.; Amateur Riders' Steeplechase, Kilkeel; Brook Hurdle, Londerry. Lingfield, Friday: February Hurdle, Simple Ned; Southern



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## The Mote in the Council's Eye.

The reflection that London County Council tramcars have been officially timed to career along at a speed (to use the exactitude of the decimal) of 21.63, 24.72, and 27.1 miles per hour over that particular stretch of the Streatham High Road over which, by the resolution of the full Council, it is sought to impose a speed-limit of ten miles per hour on motor-cars, is just charged with that explosive humour to which Councils are utterly impervious.

Whatever may be the result of the proceedings about to be taken against the drivers of the trams concerned, the fact that the Council trams do travel at such speed over the section in question will assuredly weigh somewhat with the inspector appointed by the Local Government Board to report upon the application. But, in view of the fact that those great, unwieldy, indirigible, lumbering vehicles, the Council tramcars, are entitled by law to travel over this road at twelve miles per hour, it smacks of something approaching impudence on the part of the London County Council to seek to restrict the handy, smart, wholly controllable motor-car to a speed two miles an hour slower.

## The Belgian Grand Prix.

As is well known, the two big races to be held in France this year are certainties.

The Government have approved them and the makers allow them. These races and a return to the Show in the Grand Palais on the Champs Elysées may do much to stimulate the French motor-trade where it wants stimulation. Fired by the excellent example of her neighbour, bustling little Belgium now announces a two-days' race under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club of that country. In their regulations the canny Belgians have avoided the mixing of the unlimited and limited classes, which, it is reported, has had the effect of reducing the entries for the French Grand Prix, good as they are, by at least twenty per cent. There will be no monsters in the Belgian race. The engines of the entered cars must have a total cylinder-content of not less than 2

## Cut Out Cut-Outs!

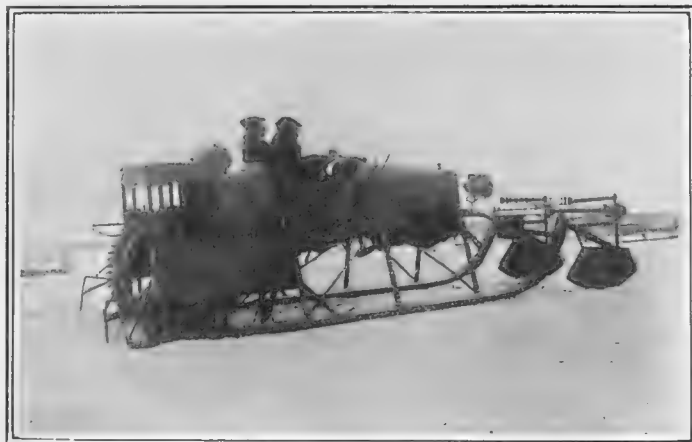
Early last week it was announced—with what truth I cannot say at the moment—that the Local Government Board had resolved to issue an order prohibiting the use of cut-outs. This news, if correct, will assuredly be welcomed by the large majority of motorists, who experience as much annoyance and are as much incensed as any non-motoring member of the public at the unnecessary and exasperating use of exhaust cut-outs. The offenders in this respect are generally found

to be callow youths—"nuts," I believe, is the term—who, superciliously prone, grasp a vertical wheel, and, peering through the spokes, drive without consideration and without thought. Motoring has suffered much from this cult, and, now that they are deprived of one means of attracting attention, they may further amend their ways. But, in the view of all right-minded motorists, the L.G.B. prohibition should not stop at cut-outs, and cut-outs alone. There is a class of signalling apparatus, still used on some cars, that will put any cut-out to the blush, and should be tabooed as rigidly.

## The Dual-Purpose Magneto.

"Is the magneto final?" is a subject now

under serious discussion in the columns of a technical contemporary, the *Motor*. So far as the efficiency, durability, and effectiveness of, say, a Bosch magneto goes, finality might almost be said to have been reached. It is difficult to suggest how, considering the work it is required to perform, it could very well be bettered. Who now ever hears of magneto failure? That electrical lighting for motor-cars is rapidly making its way to the front cannot be denied; but how much more rapid would that progress be if the machine which provides the ignition for the engine could also be constructed to supply the current for the lamps all over the car! It is the cost of an electrical installation as it is comprised to-day that precludes its adoption by the man of moderate means, and it is only reasonable to suppose that a magneto which would do both jobs would not be much more expensive than the ignition instrument as at present used, and so



STEERED BY "SHOES" IN FRONT AND BY METAL PRONGS AT THE BACK: A CURIOUS MOTOR-SLEIGH.

This motor-sleigh, an invention seen at Steinhaus, in Austria, is steered by means of two shoes in front of it and two metal prongs at the back for putting a brake into operation. It is driven by a 14-16-h.p. four-cylinder Laurent-Clement motor.

Photograph by Topical



THE VERY LATEST! THE AUTOSCOOTER VERSUS SNOW AND VERSUS ICE-YACHT.

The autoscooter was devised by Mr. Fred. Waters, who took three of the wheels from a car and set steel runners in place of them. Instead of the fourth wheel he put a wheel with a cogged tyre. The owner found that he could travel over the smooth ice with ease, but that it was difficult and dangerous to drive through drifts of snow on the ice. As a result, he invented the snow-plough shown attached to the autoscooter in the first photograph, which proved capable of cutting a path through deep snow. The race between the autoscooter and the ice-yacht took place on the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, this month. A speed of eighty miles an hour was attained and was maintained for half-an-hour. The autoscooter won.

Photographs by Topical and C.N.

and not more than 4½ litres, which practically lets in all well-known standard cars. The race will extend over two days, three hundred and sixty miles being driven each day. And the English Grand Prix—il n'y en a pas!

electrical lighting would be made possible to a much larger number of motorists than it is at present. I see that a dual-purpose machine of the kind is promised us in March next by an English firm of magneto-makers, and then we shall see what we shall see!

## FRIVOLITIES

## OF PHRYNETTE

## MASK AND THE MAN.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I AM very much surprised at my husband. I never imagined it was in the order of things that a husband could surprise his wife, and now I am trying to soothe my humiliated perspicacity, which had never been able to perceive that my simpler half is more vain and more frivolous than I am. We are going to a costume ball—to the Thackeray Ball—and there was never more ado about anything than about Austen's choice of character and costume—so many has he recalled, and none has he chosen. I like a healthy vanity, a clear-ringing frivolity; but shamefaced conceit is, like secret drinking, a sneaky, contemptible thing. Men don't know how to carry their vices with a graceful air. I am a particularly shameless woman, while my husband has made of false shame a fetish.

There are only two kinds of thing one need be ashamed of—the cruel and the ignoble (by ignoble, I mean vulgar, ugly, and petty). Perhaps I ought not to blame Austen for that which is a national trait. England is proud of being ashamed. I have no patience with complicated self-duplicity. For instance, Austen

comes into my room, coughs, kicks the log where the fire can't possibly reach it, stares at inanè photographs on the mantelpiece, looks up at the sulky heavens, simulates (very badly) a shiver—he who would not be cold in a blizzard—and says, "I say, it looks uncommonly like snow, doesn't it?"

"Um—um." I answer, with pins between my lips. I am in front of the looking-glass, trying on my costume. I make no mystery about it. I enjoy trying it on. I smile at the glass and smile at my feet, filled with fidgety anticipation, and smile at Gracieuze's big, clever thumbs helping me to become tight-laced and dignified. The grating of her rough skin against the satin of my bodice, and her indrawn "*Seigneur! l'es gentille tout plein, ma mie!*"—those are sounds as much

excuse. Snow, indeed! I try to match his mood, so as to provoke confidence. "I'll stick a patch under the left eye," I mumble guiltily.

He sees his way. "Yes, jolly things, patches." And, by the way, why shouldn't he go himself as Esmond? Just as well to keep to the same period.

I approve enthusiastically. I am delighted. The doubts, the hesitations are now the laid ghosts of the past fortnight.

"You will look splendid"—with a wish to clinch the matter—"it's not every man can wear breeches, but your calves will be *sans pad et sans reproche*."

"Oh, I say," he protests (and his lie is desperate and touching), "don't you believe I ever gave a thought to that."

"Of course not; I know such a frivolous aspect would never strike you."

He goes away very well satisfied with his diplomacy. Half-an-hour after, I have discarded all thought of the ball, together with my costume, and am deep in my correspondence—

"I say," drawls my husband through the half-opened door, "I have just thought that you might let me have some of your lace for the ruffles and things. I don't care a button for the whole show, as you know, but if it has to be gone through, just as well to do the thing decently."

I promise to send him enough lace for a magnificent jabot and frills, and he goes away whistling, for fear of laughing aloud with pleasure.

Nothing more is said on the subject until the evening. We are both dining out, and this is what I hear during a rent in the general shouting around the table—

"No," says my husband in clear tones (men's voices don't know how to rise and fall with the tide of voices, but always shoot out straight like a mad bull), "no, I haven't given it a thought. I gave the costumier fellow carte blanche. I can't be bothered. I only go to accompany my wife. She likes dressing up and all that kind of thing, don't you know?"

On the way home he seemed absorbed and full of cares.

"Of course," he said suddenly, "you must tell me what you think of it before it's finished."

"Before what is finished? Your next speech?"

"No—my costume, old girl. It may not suit me at all, and I don't care much for the buttons the man showed me. Perhaps you can let us have some decent buttons?"

"Austen dear," I said, "what would you say to staying quietly at home together on the seventh, and let all those other foolish people make guys of themselves? I am afraid you are sacrificing yourself to please me."

"A husband is not worth his salt who would begrudge a little sacrifice like that," said the dear humbug at my side; "and"—cheerfully—"the fellow showed me a sketch that was rather jolly"—with shamed detachment—"as far as I remember."



TO RETIRE INTO PRIVATE LIFE—AND REJOICED ACCORDINGLY: MR. MORGAN SHUSTER, THE EX-TREASURER-GENERAL OF PERSIA.

Mr. Shuster is here seen contemplating London from a window of his rooms at the Savoy, at which hotel the Persian Committee "dined" him the other evening. He has announced that he will now retire into private life, and that he is glad to do so.

Photograph by C.N.

welcome as the splash of gentle rain on parched soil. I love the world, its pomps and its vanity. I courtsey to Esmond's lady-love in the mirror, and turn to my husband.

"Snow, did you say? I don't care if it rains halberds! Well, have you made up your mind yet?"

No, he has not. He has come to me for advice. I would have given it willingly if he had not come with such a high-fetched



IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

Their Imperial Highness's fourth son was christened the other day. He received the name of Frederick, with others, notably George William Christopher.—[Photograph by E.N.A.]





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Lighter Life.** In looking round on a modern society which is as varied as it is interesting, one is constantly confronted with the fact that those who lead the lighter life—the persons who used to be called, in a delicious phrase, the Votaries of Pleasure—are much more bored and discontented than the men and women who work hard and snatch their recreation when they can. Amusement, to be sure, is a thing which can only be borne in small doses and at long intervals. It is apt to cloy and depress in a way which work never does. And yet never were Britons of all classes so much the slaves of amusement in the shape of shows, spectacles, and cards as they are to-day, and never, perhaps, have they been so liable to silly panics and causeless depression. As to the very rich, they are nowadays in a constant state of apprehension, which is, to those with slender purses, somewhat diverting to behold. The constant effort after excitement in one form or another—bridge, racing, the Stock Exchange, or Monte Carlo—has its inevitable reaction, with the result that it is precisely those persons who are liable to supertax who are constantly to be heard voicing the most pessimistic opinions, and even, in extreme cases, threatening to betake themselves and their fortunes to foreign countries or remote islands. The lighter life, on the whole, does not seem to be all roses, and, indeed, no one who knows anything of our Mean Streets but can testify that the amazing cheerfulness of the very poor forms a startling contrast to the deep-seated depression of the millionaire.

#### Why Not a Uniform for Women?

Mr. Francis Gribble puts forth, in the new and dashing *Pall Mall Gazette*, a sensible plea for a uniform for women. He says that a partner at dinner suggested the idea, but it sounds more likely to be an invention of the masculine brain, so clear and businesslike and simple it is. For what heart-aches and head-aches, what time and money might be saved if we had—like men—a dress for the evening, a dress for daytime, and a dress for sport? We all know dozens of middle-class women who pass their lives in tremors lest they should not be in the last fashion, and who are for ever lamenting that someone else has got more Parisian frills and furbelows than themselves. As a matter of fact, the only way to dress and preserve your peace of mind on fifty pounds a year is to have one good gown and wear it continually. To try and compete with women who spend one thousand a year or more on their toilette is manifestly absurd. Now there are very few persons so placed as to be able to be so extravagant, but these few make a great show, striking awe and admiration into every beholder, and thus inciting those with leaner purses to try and emulate their magnificence. This is a vain pursuit, and the evil will only be remedied when we have as sensible a dress as men have, and, like hospital nurses and parlourmaids—both well-dressed specimens of femininity—have a neat and becoming uniform of our own.

#### The Poet, the Dramatist, and the Libraries.

The singers and the dramatists have no honour, it seems, in their own country, or, at any rate, with the managers of our big circulating libraries. The late J. M. Synge, for instance, is one of the most original geniuses which the late nineteenth century produced in any country.

His "Playboy of the Western World" and his "Riders to the Sea" may be masterpieces of the new drama, discussed by literati in every European capital, but would that fact induce the libraries to include him in their monthly list? Certainly not. They quite naïvely disown this Irish author, and tell you, when you ask for his plays—which are now published in handy volume form—that there is "no demand for him," and that they do not intend to cumber their shelves with useless volumes. I believe it is only lately—since the suburbs discovered Bernard Shaw—that plays by the author of "John Bull's Other Island" have been issued by the circulating libraries. The poets, too, are in a like parlous case. I wonder if there is a library where one can get books one wants to read? I heard a lady of eclectic tastes declare pensively at a dinner-party that there was not. But it is a blot on our public taste and intelligence when you cannot get, in the capital of the world, a book which has set the critics writing and talking from San Francisco to Melbourne, and from Paris to Petersburg.

#### The Fascination of the Voice.

Tosingwell is charming, but the fascination of the speaking voice is infinitely more potent. Song is always artificial, but the sounds uttered, in speaking, by a human being have the power to move us that no instrument possesses. This, to be sure, is the secret of public oratory, and of the prestige of the politician who knows how to work on the emotions and passions of the largest number. Lafcadio Hearn once heard, in his youth, in a London park, a girl utter the words "Good-night!" to someone. He never forgot it. "I never even saw her face," he writes, "and I never heard that voice again. But still, after one hundred seasons, the memory of her 'Good-night' brings a double thrill, incomprehensible, of pleasure and pain—pain and pleasure, doubtless, not of me, not of my own existence, but of pre-existence and dead suns." Lafcadio Hearn had, to an intense degree, the sense of a Race-Soul. His love of England, for instance, and of his Anglo-Irish ancestors, came out strongest when he was farthest from these islands. When he was in Japan, he longed to be in England, and his own idea was that his half-Japanese son should be brought up and educated in Europe. If he took kindly to ancestor-worship, it was because he was intensely sensitive to impressions, and was fascinated, for twenty-five years, by the sound of an English girl's voice uttering a simple phrase like "Good-night."



FROM AN IRIBE DESIGN: A PAQUIN CREATION WORN IN "LA RUE DE LA PAIX."

This dress was designed by M. Iríbe, the inventor of the new method of adapting a costume to the natural shape of the wearer's figure. An article on the subject appeared in our last issue. The dress is of white satin, with a short tunic of gold colour under a tunic of black velvet.—[Photo. by "Cosmia."]



A "RUE DE LA PAIX" COSTUME: A DRESS DESIGNED BY M. ARMAND.

This dress, which was designed by M. Armand, is worn in the First Act of "La Rue de la Paix," at the Paris Vaudeville. It is in rose velvet bordered with swansdown, and has three bows of black velvet at the side. The collar is of ocrée Venetian lace. The dress was made at the Maison Paquin.—[Photograph by "Cosmia."]



A NEW PARIS FASHION: A PAQUIN MODEL WORN IN "LA RUE DE LA PAIX."

The dress is of red mousseline-de-soie, with a jacket of red taffetas and collarette of red mousseline-de-soie. It is one of the new and interesting designs worn in the dressmaking play, "La Rue de la Paix," by MM. Abel Hermant and de Toledo, which was recently produced at the Paris Vaudeville Theatre. Photograph by "Cosmia."



WORN IN "LA RUE DE LA PAIX" AT THE PARIS VAUDEVILLE: A DRESS DESIGNED BY M. DOGGERS.

This costume, which is worn in Act III. of "La Rue de la Paix," at the Paris Vaudeville, is made from a design by M. Doggers. The dress is of yellow silk covered with green muslin, which in turn is covered with blue muslin. The bolero is of black crêpe-de-Chine.—[Photo. by "Cosmia."]

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 13.*

## THE MARKETS.

THE position at the Bank of England is much the same as a week ago, although there have been further withdrawals of gold for India. These are likely to continue; but the position is now regarded with less anxiety, and the reduction of the Bank Rate during the next few weeks is considered quite possible.

Business in the Stock Markets has improved during the last week, and in some quarters has been quite brisk. The continuance of good traffics, the satisfactory dividend announcements, and the improvement in the labour situation have caused a general improvement in Home Rails; but there has been some reaction at the end of the week. Central London have been especially strong, and we understand that considerable progress has been made towards an agreement with the new Underground-Bus combine.

Americans, on the other hand, have had an unsatisfactory period, Steel Common being down to 62½, not only on the litigation fears, but also on the cabled figures of the last quarter, which show the total surplus on the past year's working to be 4,735,000 dollars, against 16,929,000 dollars for 1910. Several of the Argentine Railways show advance of a point or so, and Mexican Ordinary are up to 54, showing a rise of 2.

Prices in the Mining Market have been irregular, and Transvaal issues have been depressed by sales from the Continent, although changes on the whole are unimportant. Some interest has been shown in Tin shares, but Coppers have been adversely affected by American advices, and the statistical returns have failed to show as large a reduction in stocks as had been hoped.

Rubbers have made an indifferent showing, and business generally in the Miscellaneous Market has been quieter. Oils have shown a firmer tendency, however, Shells being especially prominent. London General Omnibus stock has recovered to 233, and Marconis have continued their upward career, while Panama Telegraphs are up again to nearly 5.

## RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The Home Rail Market has worn a much more cheerful appearance during the last week or so, and the improvement is indeed very welcome. The prospects of a settlement of the coal dispute have improved materially, and, with the labour outlook clearer, dividend announcements have been watched with interest. On the whole, those announced up to the present can be, in most cases, considered quite satisfactory, although in one or two instances they have not come up to the market's expectations. The Lancashire and Yorkshire dividend is an example of the latter, as an increase had been looked for; but the directors have chosen to pursue a very conservative policy, and the dividend for the half-year remains 5 per cent., making 4½ per cent. for the year, against 4¾ in 1910.

The Brighton dividend came as a pleasant surprise, and was better than even the optimistic had hoped. The Deferred receive 5½ per cent. for the year, against 4¾ per cent. last year—at the present price of 107½, including the dividend returns, very nearly 5½ per cent. to the money.

Of the other announcements the most satisfactory was that of the Great Northern, which was very well received. The Deferred, in this case, receive 2¾ per cent. against 2¼ for 1910, while £20,000 is placed to special reserve and the carry-forward increased by £42,538 to £127,701.

We referred to the prospects of the Great Central in these columns in December, and we see nothing to grumble about in the recent announcement, although the market professes to be disappointed. The progress made during the last year has been very great. After transferring £10,000 to the steamship insurance fund sufficient remains to pay the full dividend on all Preference stock down to and including the 1891 Four per Cents., and also 10s. per cent. on the 1894 Preference. A year ago the 1891 issue only received 2 per cent. for the whole year, and the 1894 Preference received nothing. The carry-forward is slightly larger at £10,000.

The London and South Western report, with a reduction of the dividend to 8 per cent., was a great disappointment—indeed, the most severe the market has suffered—and we yet await the saving in working expenses which the agreement with the Great Western was to have insured.

Of the Central London report, the outstanding feature is the continued decline in the number of passengers carried, amounting for the half-year alone to 1,920,000; but as a set-off £14,800 has been saved and the loss of net revenue is only £2200. Since the report, the stock has improved, and great things are expected from the Liverpool Street extension, to be opened in the summer. The Ordinary stock pays over 4 per cent. at present price, and the yield may well increase.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

Business there is, and a good deal of it, in various markets of the House; but it comes intermittently, and in sunlit patches. There is a lot going on in Home Rails; not much in Yankees. Marconis, Bus stock, and Panama Telegraphs

The Stock Exchange.

each commands its own circle of devotees. With the fresh revival in Oils, the market there has already begun to grow. Rubber shares are a little tired after their January excitement. Only in the Kaffir and Rhodesian departments is there next to nothing doing, but even here a breath of buying is already noticeable; and Kaffirs, long neglected, may be having their turn during the next three months.

Touching the recent activity in Rubber, the question as to whether we were in for another boom has already been answered—and in the best way—by a decided snub to the buyers. The Stock Exchange does not want another Rubber boom. The last one did it no permanent good, and a great deal of long-drawn-out injury. A repetition of the wild gamble would be lamentable. On the other hand, it is good that speculative investors should recognise the possibilities which many of the best shares present for paying high yields on the money, with the price of the raw stuff at anything like 4s. 6d. to 5s. per lb. Incidentally, one may remark how badly many of the principal people in the Rubber world were misled with reference to the price of the raw stuff during 1911. Personally, I went to Antwerp, and talked with the biggest Rubber people in that clearing-house of the world's rubber. I went to Hamburg and saw agency firms representing some of the most important consumers of rubber in the United States; to Liverpool, interviewing Rubber merchants there; to Glasgow, and chatted to some of the best-informed men in their own warehouses, samples of crêpe and other qualities covering the counters. And not one of them—not a single man—saw rubber down to 4s. per lb. in 1911. You will say that they all talked their book. My dear Sir, that might apply to a few cases, but, obviously, it was to the interests of some of these experts to have rubber lower. No; I am convinced that the happenings of last year came as a great surprise to many of the recognised authorities.

I take credit to myself (because nobody else is likely to hand me any) for having on divers and sundry occasions insisted that the shares likely to profit a man most in the long run were not Linggi, Valls., Highlands, *et hoc genus omne*, where bumper dividends were being paid from the sales of huge quantities of rubber, but rather the shares in the younger Companies, where the bulk of the stuff was coming on, and which would take the place, in time, occupied by the leading producers now. Tebraus were one of the things recommended, Lankat Rubber, Lankat Sumatra, and so on. Still the policy holds good, and I would advise holders of the fashionable shares to exchange into some other concern that is just producing; for the latter, provided it be a sound proposition, is not over-capitalised per acre, not managed by an ornamental board, and not too far away from the dividend stage, will pay the owner better in the long run than a more "popular" share.

People who take the trouble to look into the matter from the point of view of merits are keen on shares like Strathmores at 1½, Ledburys Sedenaks, and Tebraus even yet, despite their rise. Everything depends, of course, upon the raw stuff. If that goes flop, down go your shares; but I don't think that is going to happen, although some further reaction in the Share Market may quite easily come about, considering the pace of the recent rise.

No doubt the wish is father to the thought, but it is certain that dealers in the Kaffir Circus are more optimistic now than they have been for a long time past. Good Gold shares are being bought quietly, and in fair numbers taken off the market and put away. What the big houses are doing I do not pretend to know; but if they should happen to come in and support prices with any degree of vigour, we shall see a sharp advance in the neglected Kaffir Circus. This is the wrong time to sell any Kaffir shares, and those who have the pluck to do so will probably not regret it if they average their holdings at to-day's figures.

Kent Coal is again a good deal to the fore. The price of Kent Coal Concessions as I write is about 3½, while the East Kents at 4s. 9d. middle look a good market. These are the two shares which appeal most to the outsider, although to your millionaire Kent Coal Concessions Deferred are a most tempting gamble. What has helped the Kent Coal Market to a great extent is the cheeriness of the chairman's speech at the recent Chatham meeting; while it is thought that there is, after all, a good chance of Kent Coal turning out a successful proposition within a very short time. All this kind of talk we have heard so often before that we are inclined to listen to it with suspicion now, but I don't mind admitting that I have succumbed to the general fashion, and bought myself a few Kent Coal Concessions not far from the top with the idea of getting out on any decent turn accruing. This I feel it is only fair to tell you, with the further observation that, being a regular Jonah in regard to personal speculation, I do not dare advise you with any amount of self-confidence to follow the example of THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1912.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KENT.—You might do worse than buy Wolhuter. We prefer this mine to the other, which is rubbish. The Investment Trust is a speculative concern, with a liability of 15s. per share. It would not suit our money, nor would the Rubber Company.

NIMROD.—We should think most unlikely to turn out well.

J. R.—We never write private letters except as stated in Rule 5. The investments you suggest are fair risks, but you might do better. We suggest Chilian Northern Railway 5 per cent bonds, guaranteed by the Government, and Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Twenty-Year Gold bonds, lately issued by Messrs. Speyer.

A. M.—We do not know the firm and have not seen their circulars, but you may be sure they are either touts or grinding some axe of their own. Send us one of their advisory sheets and we will tell you more.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Saddened Home-Coming.

The King will not have the joy and brightness of his home-coming unimpaired. The death of his brother-in-law casts a gloom over it, and he will meet his widowed sister, to whom everyone's sympathy goes out fully. The Queen's Mistress of the Robes also comes home to meet a widowed sister. In three months much has happened. The Duke of Fife was a most devoted husband and father, and will be greatly missed in the small but united family circle of which he was the centre. For years the Princess Royal's health has been frail, and this shock, following that of the wreck of the *Delhi*, will try her greatly. The Duke is sure to have that very picturesque and solemn ceremonial, a Highland funeral. The new Duchess of Fife will come of age on the 17th of May. It will be a sad date for her, poor young Princess, as she will then have to take up the duties of her position.

### The Coming Season.

February will not now be the gay month we have been looking forward to. The King will open Parliament, but the Queen and all Princesses will be in mourning. Although Court mourning will be short, family mourning will last for some little time. When the Queen's brother died the Court was already in mourning. Little change was made in the arrangements then in progress; they were, however, very few. There are two Courts, as yet undated but arranged for before Easter; these may be postponed until after, otherwise those attending at the first, at least, would have to be in mourning, as it is invariably diplomatic and official. It seems likely, therefore, that none will take place until after Easter. Unless

households, been complaining that they couldn't keep in practice.

### The Complete Letter-Writer.

The first thing is the paper. Nothing puts ideas and construction and style to flight like a spluttering pen over a bad-surface paper. One that is hard and crisp, and yet smooth, is ideal. The pen flies over it, keeping pace so well with thoughts that few escape unwritten. There is no interruption, and no small worry. Hieratica, a vegetable parchment resembling the

ancient writing-paper of the priests, fulfils these

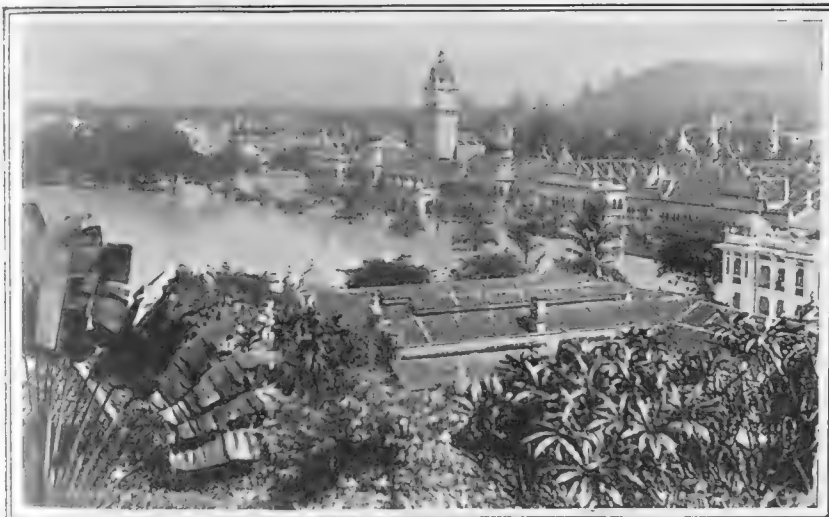
requirements, and makes of writing, to those who have something to write about, a positive pleasure. It folds up without cracking or creasing, and is taken out of its envelope as fresh and neat as it is put in. It is made in thick and also in thin bank quality, and both kinds can be had in the tablet form which everyone likes so much because of its compactness and convenience. The cost is one shilling and the paper compares favourably with some at double the price; samples will be sent free by the makers, Hieratica Paper Works, 5, Hill Street, Finsbury, E.C.

When the Wind is 'Tis neither good for man nor beast. So runs the old couplet. Worse for lovely woman it is than for either. Her skin suffers, and, after all, that is a consequence more serious than her temper. The subject has been made a study of in these later years, the result being that my sex can brave the wind and the marks of time far more successfully than has ever been possible before. If any readers desire to know the cause, nature, and cure for skin troubles, all they have to do is to write (enclosing three penny stamps) to the Antexema Company, Jeffrys Place, London, N.W., and a booklet with full information, together with Antexema for a free trial, will be sent. A trial tablet of Antexema skin soap will further be included, so that these preparations can be tested.



FROM MÜRREN TO REGENT'S PARK: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER SKATING, WITH MR. GRENANDER, ON THE FLOODED GROUND OF THE ARCHERY CLUB AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

The Duchess of Westminster recently returned from a winter-sport holiday in Switzerland, during which she enjoyed the delights of skating at Mürren. When the frost began in this country the ground of the Archery Club at the Botanical Gardens was flooded, and made one of the finest pieces of ice in London. The children of the Duke and Duchess of Teck were among the first to try it. Mr. Grenander is, of course, the well-known skater.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



WHERE BUSINESS MEN SWAM TO THEIR OFFICES: VENETIAN SCENES IN KUALA LUMPUR. "Never in its history," wrote the "Malay Mail" of Dec. 22, "has the Federal capital awakened to such a state of affairs as was disclosed by the daylight this morning. With the exception of the hilly localities, the whole of the town [Kuala Lumpur] is under water. . . Several prominent business men actually swam to their offices." The photograph shows the Government buildings and the esplanade. In the right-hand corner are the post-office, the Chartered Bank, and (lower down to the right) the Government printing-offices.—[Photograph by Topical.]

the Court is in mourning, ladies attending Courts are not expected to be. It is, however, etiquette for diplomatic and official ladies to wear mourning at Courts when the royal family is doing so.

### The Modern Masquerader.

There are now so many occasions on which we need a fancy dress that one should be included in every woman's wardrobe. There are balls and skating carnivals whether we stay at home or whether we travel. One cheap and really effective costume is that of the Icilma Eastern Girl. The dress is mostly white, and of inexpensive cotton material, while the yashmak can be of butter muslin. Red shoes are worn, and these, with red tassels at the points from the hood and a red bead or coral necklace, give the requisite touches of colour. Brown-silk stockings and gloves are in the picture, and for a few shillings there is a picturesque and comfortable dancing or skating costume which has already secured several prizes. A striking trimming can be introduced by the use of dummy packages representing Icilma Toilet preparations. An illustration of the costume and little dummy packages, if required, will be sent on request by the Icilma Company, 39, King's Road, St. Pancras.

The Latest Lines. The new line is from shoulder to hem, and not straight, but curved into the figure. It is distinctly becoming, and gives a much better chance than the Noah's Ark style for a really well-moulded form. Curves were lost in the tubular kind of dress, and in curves lie charm. There is not the slightest sign of widened skirts, but the new line is lovely. It will try the skill of the cutter and fitter more than the Noah's Ark. These functionaries have, however, like first-rate cooks in small



A PLACE OF WORSHIP IN A PICCADILLY CLUB: THE CHAPEL OF THE NEW CAVENDISH CLUB.

The newly formed Cavendish Club in Piccadilly has a private chapel, where morning and evening service will be conducted daily by a resident chaplain. The club is to be a centre for those interested in social, philanthropic, and religious undertakings.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

## THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THIS is just about the time when one pays annual subscription to the Parish Magazine, and I have been wondering why this appalling little periodical continues to exist in its present form. In these days, when county associations, clubs, societies, and the rest are at work in all directions, when the parish registers can be consulted for the history of past centuries, when countless interests, social, archaeological, philanthropic, or patriotic, are abroad, why can they not find as much as a pale reflection in the pages of the Parish Magazine? Beyond the weekly paper published in London on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday and dated Sunday, and the county weekly paper, or one of them nothing challenges the Parish Magazine seriously; and it goes upon its way triumphant, a poor and feeble thing, a haphazard collection of early Victorian sentiment, a mass of platitudes that are not worth the cost of type-setting, with a page devoted to each parish and written by clergymen who seem to regard it as part of their duty to hide their light under a bushel.

In a part of the country I know well, and visit from time to time, one of the clergymen is a disciple of Dean Hole, and grows the choicest roses in the countryside. He knows the habits as well as the name of every flower in his garden. Another is a keen sportsman, equally skilled with fly-line and shot-gun. A third is singularly well informed in matters pertaining to the life of the village, from the Middle Ages down to our own time, and is a naturalist as well. Each of these gentlemen contributes a page to the Parish Magazine, and each contrives to make his page dull and trivial. I protested to one of these clergymen against this small-beer chronicle, and, while he admitted that it could easily be improved, he doubted whether his parishioners would like him to depart from the beaten track; and, even if they did, whether his colleagues of the neighbouring parishes would not feel hurt or annoyed!

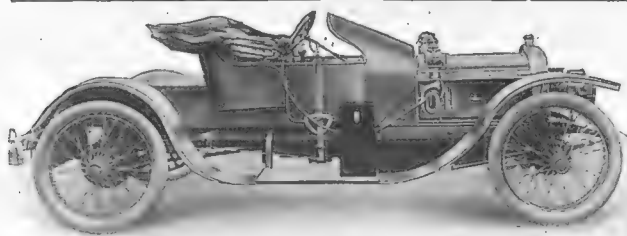
I can't help thinking that the spirit of Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies should be preserved in rural England, and that the tenants of rectory or vicarage are better equipped to this end to-day than were any of their predecessors. They know more, they have access to excellent books, and they have parishioners who can read, write, and observe things for themselves. There is room for scores of conscientious followers of those country-lovers who have written enduring books, and it would be good for the rural worker to know that his parish has a history, and that his forebears helped to make it.

One of the points in favour of the development indicated here

would be the spread of common interests among the parishes. The labouring man, to say nothing of his wife, would wake to the startling truth that fellow-workers in even distant parishes had the same interests, ambitions, and hopes as they themselves. There would be some approach to a removal of the barriers that stand to-day between one parish and its neighbour. In East Anglia the man who comes from the next parish is a "furriner," and I have heard it said of a man who married a girl from the market town, four miles from his native village, that he had done wrong to bring a "furriner" home. Doubtless without intention, the Parish Magazine strengthens this feeling. Every parish has its page, and the rector or vicar addresses himself exclusively to his parishioners, as though he were bent on maintaining the system of water-tight compartments in rural England. It will be found that this spirit of exclusiveness enters into the clubs and friendly societies. Each village has its own, and though there are a few organisations that find representation in countless villages, the general tendency is towards exclusiveness. Even the bicycle, for all the bloodless revolution it has brought about, has done little to break down the barriers. If half-a-dozen villages were united they could achieve many of their social ends with greater comfort, and in return face a smaller outlay, just as the men at the head of the villages, the farmers, could save an appreciable proportion of their annual outlay by co-operation. But the farmer and his labourer share the belief that the next village has aims altogether different from their own, and both waste precious time and hard-earned money because they have forgotten or have never known that union is strength.

There are many brilliant schemes for the improvement of the countryside, and a few sound ones among them that are worth a trial, but the countryman seldom hears of them, because he does not read the papers in which they are set out, and no echo of their proposals finds its way into the few pages he has the time and interest to study. This is a regrettable state of things, but at least it gives the Parish Magazine a chance. Naturally enough, the work must be slow, for your true countryman is in two cases out of three Conservative to the backbone, and novelty in an idea ensures its rejection. But if the ministers of half-a-dozen or a dozen neighbouring parishes would take up the matter they might begin to write the present as well as the past story of their parishes, and to unite their parishioners in the pursuit of good ideas. Then, in the course of a little time, the countryside would become articulate.

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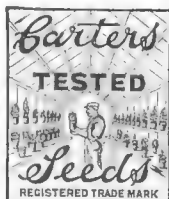
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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Princess Patricia of Connaught; the Connaught Charm; Mr. Pierpont Morgan; Chinese Amazons; Land Food for a Sea-Elephant; the Ski-Dress; Dog-Owners of Note; the Glissade Home; Penalty for Faults; Fascinators of our Fathers; Oscar and Suzette Dancing; Mlle. Gaby Deslys and Mr. Harry Pilcer; the Tsarevitch.

YOU cannot do justice to your complexion during the winter months, when the raw weather, the blustering wind, or sharp, biting cold make it drab and lustreless and of a colour which it should never have. You cannot keep the skin delightfully humid, soft, and smooth, and quite free from the baneful effects of the "chiding of the winter's winds" unless you call Valaze, the incomparable skin food and beautifier, to your aid.

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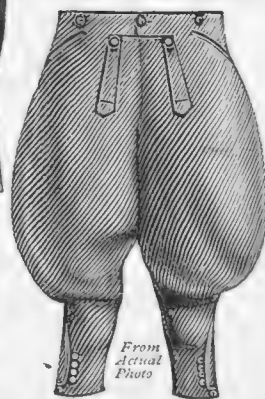
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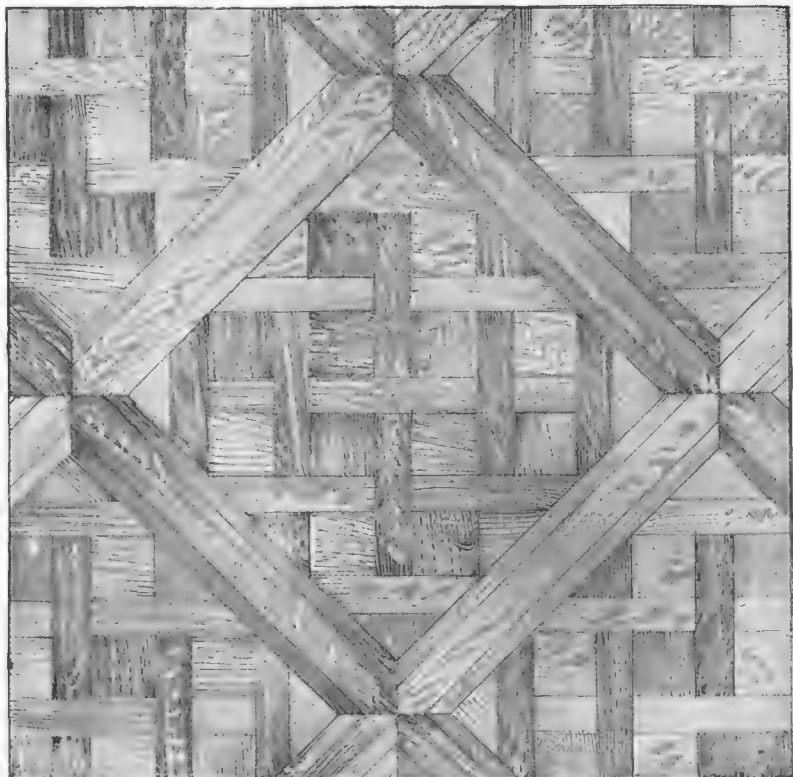
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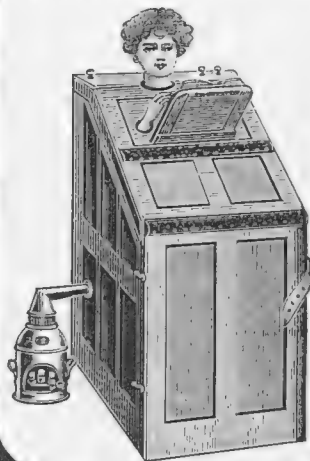
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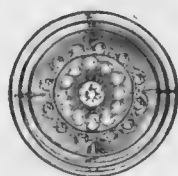
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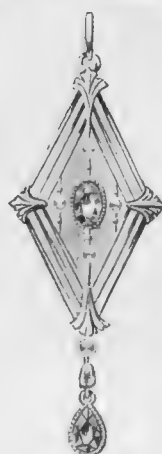
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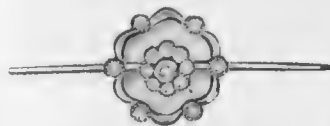
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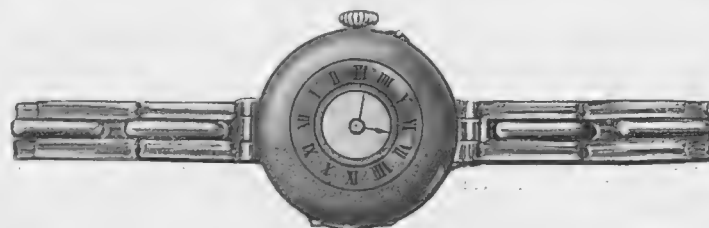
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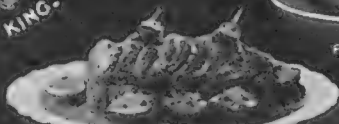
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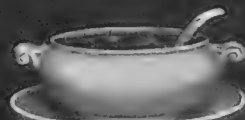
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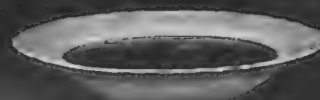
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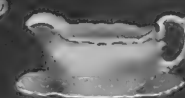
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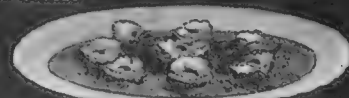
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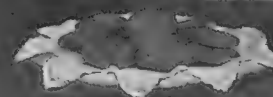
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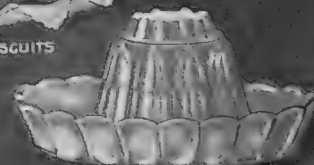
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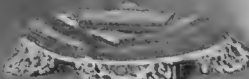


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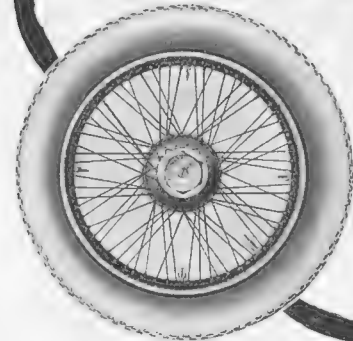
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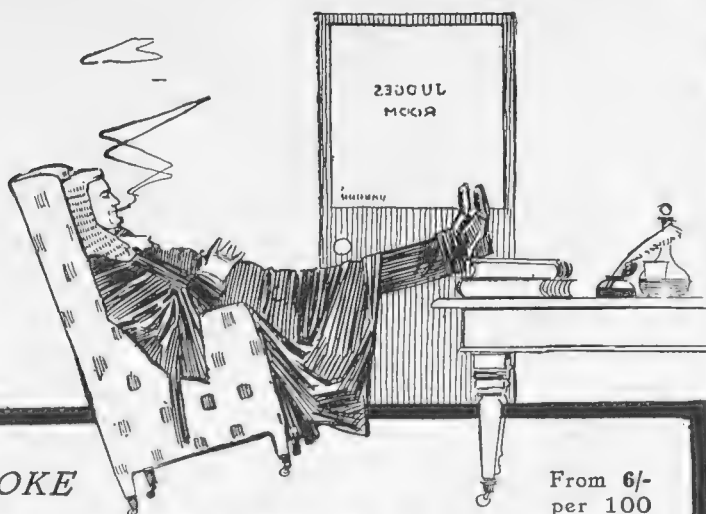
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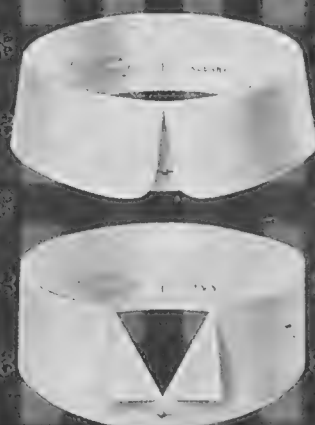
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**"Mr. Wycherley's Wards."**

By L. ALLEN HARKER.  
(John Murray.)

A pervading air of domesticity informs Mrs. Allen Harker's story. In the course of it, she is severe on a book of antique fashion which a former generation knew as "Home Influence"; but, making some allowance for modern tolerance of thought and laxity of manner, the characters of Mr. Wycherley and Mrs. Dew belong to much the same paths of literature. So much so, that one is conscious during episodes which relate to the embryo actress's childhood—the central and particular study—of a sense of thrilled naughtiness on the part of her author, as who must be saying—"Now, am not I modern?" and, "Is not this daringly lifelike?" Certainly not "Home Influence" nor another could discourage powder, or ladies' papers, or hair-waving more prudishly than Jane Anne Allegra's little world. As Mrs. Allen Harker's readers will gather, the book is a continuation of former events, and the present story is obviously a preparation for the future, as the young artiste makes her bow with her début. Professionally and emotionally life promises great things for her. Those to whom Mrs. Harker's work is familiar will recognise once again her peculiar charm—an instinct for the interesting, strangely geared machinery of the child-mind.

**"The Secret Tontine."**

By R. MURRAY  
GILCHRIST.  
(John Long.)

Tontine is a word of such infrequent occurrence that one is quite grateful when one of Mr. Murray Gilchrist's characters obligingly looks it up in the Dictionary. "Tontine—so called from its inventor Tonti, an Italian of the seventeenth century. An annuity shared by subscribers to a loan, with the benefit of survivorship, the annuity being increased as the subscribers die, until at last the whole goes to the last survivor." The trouble is that there are only three survivors left, one an eccentric old maid who is ignorant of her connection with the affair. One of the three, being desperately in need of money and the prize promising as much as a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—for years had increased largely the original subscriptions—sets himself to kill off the other two. One departs this life without much trouble, but the old maid is another matter. Her courage, and that of her beautiful young niece, who owns a silver revolver and fires it more than once, though without much effect, are the theme of the story, which also sets forth their love affairs. It is necessary to take a great deal for granted in this particular kind of fiction; the reader must sit down deliberately

determined to believe in the heroine's charm and to shudder at the villain's disingenuous eyes, and to thrill over the moments of terror which the said villain affords the said heroine. Such a mood will find no place for cavil at a corner of clumsy construction; criticism would be heavily misplaced; and so little is asked from the craftsman that, having shut one's eyes and opened one's mouth, it is almost disconcerting to be sent a plum of literary flavour such as that which Mr. Gilchrist drops when his two heroines motor through the night mist across the park. "Weird figures," says the niece, "moved, like figures on shaken tapestry, on either side." That is a very charming impression of deer seen at night from a motor-car.

**"Princess Katharine."**

By KATHARINE TYNAN.  
(Ward, Lock and Co.)

The confirmed novel-reader will find his requirements faithfully met in Miss Tynan's latest story. The lost will; the low-born heroine with the air of distinction, who inherits, unwittingly, and falls in love with the rightful heir; the rightful heir himself duly appearing on an early page, square-built, athletic-looking, dressed in grey homespuns, and always acting with perfect taste; the will found for the rightful heir and two well-born relatives found for the ladylike heroine in the closing chapters—this is all as it has ever been. Katharine's drunken mother and her "holy death" stand for the new note, and plant some fragrant moments where otherwise people and events shape themselves to pattern like the potted flower-bed of a lawn.

**"Dame Verona of the Angels."**

By ANNIE E.  
HOLDSWORTH.  
(Methuen.)

Mrs. Lee-Hamilton calls her novel under this name a "study in temperament." One feels that it degenerates sometimes, both on the part of Verona and her father, into a study in temper. Verona was a very selfish and tiresome little girl, who had a vocation and saw visions, and was set on being a nun; and her father, a Scotch Presbyterian of the dourest, though descendant of a family of rips, with the said rips' blood running in his veins, was equally determined she shouldn't. This is the bare situation tidied up from a mass of incredible detail, which the author seems to delight in dropping along the track of the story like so many red herrings. Papa ends by indifference while he makes a low-comedy marriage; and Verona, after walking about in the snow with bare feet the night before her profession, dies very beautifully of pneumonia in the shortest possible time. Between them they kill devoted little Mrs. Thriep-land, a shadowy creature in an unbelievable position, but to whose death we owe one gleam of humour. An old Scotch servant, lamenting the illness into which they worried the poor lady,

(Continued on page 4.)

# BELL'S THREE NUNS

## TOBACCO @ CIGARETTES

THE old-time Valentine was the lover chosen on the day of St. Valentine; to-day, to the connoisseur in tobaccos, an incomparable Valentine is "Three Nuns." Let him make this choice, and he remains faithful to the end of his smoking days, for "Three Nuns" has rare charms, certain to woo and win, so that he cannot coquet with other mixtures. No matter how incessant the smoking, "Three Nuns" continues cool, fragrant and flavoury as old Madeira, whilst as a first experience it is a revelation.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

Obtainable everywhere.

Both at  
**6½d. per oz.**



THE true way to realise the allurements of a "Three Nuns" cigarette is to smoke it; having done so, you will doubtless fall a ready victim to its fascination, and are not likely to rest content with any other brand.

It possesses delicate fragrance; it smokes cool, and smooth as silk to the end; and it carries a rare, subtle flavour at once distinguishing and defining it from the countless Virginia cigarettes on the market.

Handmade,  
**4d. for 10**

Medium,  
**3d. for 10**



Orders by Post receive special attention, and money is promptly refunded if goods do not meet with entire satisfaction. We pay postage on all purchases throughout the U.K.

# PETER ROBINSON'S

## —of REGENT STREET—

# ANNUAL WHITE SALE

February 12th. — to — February 24th

### IMPORTANT.

An important feature of this White Sale will be the opening of the new departments for Underclothing, Blouses, Baby Linen, and Tea Gowns. Into these new sections we have introduced "everything" that careful thought can devise for the greater comfort and convenience of our patrons. We should esteem it a great favour if you would honour us with a visit.

### CHILDREN'S UNDERCLOTHING



**R.S. 54.** Set of Children's Cambric Underclothing, comprising Nightdress, Chemise, and Knickers; trimmed real torchon lace; hand-made. Nightdress, turn-down collar and cuffs. Length, from neck to hem, 22 in., 5/6; rising 9d. each size of 3 in. Chemise, length from neck to hem, 17 in., 5/-; rising 6d. each size of 3 in. Knickers, with torchon insertion knee band; length at side—not including waistband—10 in., 4/-; rising 3d. each size of 3 in.

### A DAINTY SET OF LINGERIE



**R.S. 777.** Bust Bodice, composed of hand-embroidered linen and strong torchon lace. It is trimmed very effectively back and front, holds the figure firmly, and answers the double purpose of bust bodice and corset cover. Bust measures 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 ins. Price 25/9



R.S. 251.

The Sale Catalogue illustrating many more of these bargains sent post free on request.

Very inexpensive set of French Hand-embroidered Fine Cambric Underclothing. It is hand sewn throughout. The armholes of chemises and corset covers are doubled to give extra strength.

Nightgown, with high neck and long sleeves, or with low neck and short sleeves ... 9/6  
Chemise ... 5/9  
Knickers, closed or open shape ... 5/9

Corset Cover ... 4/6  
Ditto, with small short sleeves ... 4/11  
Combinations, embroidered to match ... 9/11

R.S. 286  
(centre).



R.S. 283.

R.S. 285.

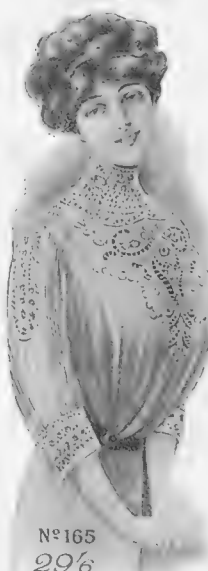
Hand-made Good Cambric Nightgowns, priced at only 8/11 each.

**R.S. 286.** Trimmed Swiss embroidery edging and insertion, fine tucking and threaded bébé ribbon. 8/11

**R.S. 285.** Empire style, trimmed Valenciennes lace and insertions, finished Swiss insertion and ribbon. 8/11

**R.S. 283.** Trimmed very fine torchon lace and insertions, yoke tucked and feathered, and finished with embroidery threaded ribbon. 8/11

### TWO DAINTY BLOUSE STYLES



No. 165  
29/6



No. 164  
25/6

**No. 165.** Charming and effective Blouse, in white muslin, hand-embroidered. The yoke is composed of Cluny lace insertions and fine Valenciennes beading, which is continued down the sleeves in a very becoming manner. In all sizes. White Sale price 29/6

**No. 164.** Hand-made Blouse, in white muslin, hand-embroidered, trimmed with Valenciennes lace insertions, and fitted with Kimono sleeves. In all sizes. White Sale price 25/6

Peter Robinson's Regent Street London W

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14-H.P. 4-CYL. (15.9 h.p. R.A.C. Rating)

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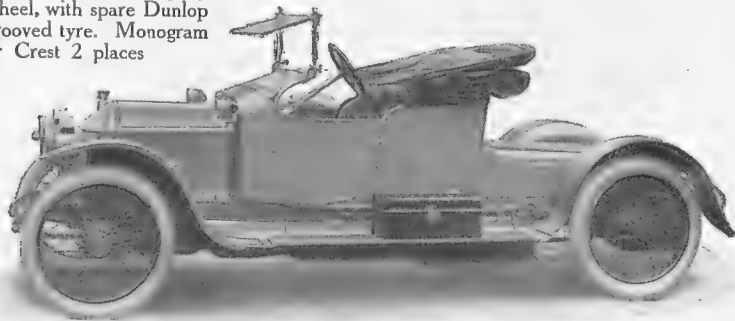
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Two-seated Car  
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AND FLEXIBILITY

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the Crossley is unsurpassed.

15 H.P. CHASSIS WITH TYRES, £335 20 H.P. CHASSIS WITH TYRES, £450

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Can be made without fitting.

Many Designs for Day or Evening Wear. Prices from 6 Guineas.

Blue Cashmere Afternoon Gown, with detachable Coat of Black Marquisette, trimmed Oxidized Embroidery.

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Sole Agent for the Maternity Dress Co., Ltd.

## LATEST TRANSFORMATIONS 30/-

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Complete Back Dressing  
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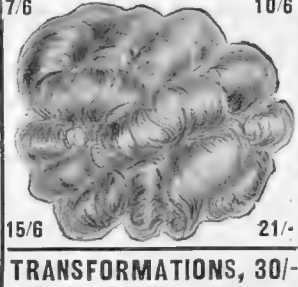


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We send all Goods on Approval and exchange with pleasure. This is our Guarantee of Good Faith. No other Firm will do this unreservedly as we do.

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Complete Back Dressing  
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30/- TAILS OF BEST QUALITY PURE HAIR,  
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TRANSFORMATIONS, 30/-  
EAR PLAITS, 10/6 PAIR



30/- EMPIRE PUFFS, 2/6 & 4/6  
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Select Stock of Materials always on View, for Home, Colonial, and Foreign Wear at Economical Prices, compatible with Best Work.

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Patterns, with Easy Forms for Self-Measures, post free to those who are unable to call; and a good fit is guaranteed without the necessity of coming to town.

FOUNDED NEARLY 30 YEARS.



The "Regent" Evening Suit.  
Price Six Guineas.

ABSOLUTE COMFORT ASSURED  
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## 'SPHERE' SUSPENDERS

which grip the hose securely without straining or tearing the most delicate fabric, and give the figure the fashionable straight-fronted effect.

Affixed in a moment, they save hours of discomfort.

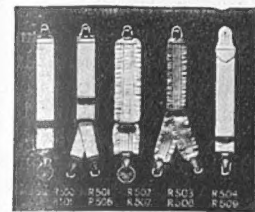
PRICES—

Mercerised, R 500 to R 504, 1/- each.

Silk, R 505 to R 509, varying from 1/6 to 2/3 each.

THE GRIP THAT GRIPS AND NEVER SLIPS.

If your draper does not stock them, apply to



'SPHERE' SUSPENDER  
CO., LEICESTER.  
Postage, rd. per pair  
extra.



"STAR OF THE ORIENT."

## Wonderful Beautifying Action of an Algerian Natural Water

We all know that natural waters have special virtues; perhaps the most wonderful is Icilma Natural Water from the spring in Algeria. This water has been proved by scientific research to stimulate the skin to Natural Beauty, which is the only true way. That is the reason why Icilma Toilet Preparations have restored youth and beauty to more complexions than anything else known. Cosmetics, powders, greasy creams, and beauty lotions all work the wrong way—they may improve the surface for the moment, but underneath the troubles are worse than ever.

The most convenient way of applying this Algerian tonic water to the skin is Icilma Fluor Cream—the world-famed toilet cream. As greasy preparations are fatal to beauty in this climate, we have made Icilma Fluor Cream *non-greasy*—it is delightfully clean to use, does not soil the clothes or make the face dirty, cannot grow hair, and needs no powder. It has a natural beautifying action on the skin that has never been equalled by any other toilet article.

After washing, or before going out into the air, on coming in, and especially before retiring at night, rub just a small quantity of Icilma Fluor Cream gently into the skin—this softens, whitens, and cleanses it, protects it from ill-effects of the weather, and keeps it beautifully clear and attractive. Especially valuable for rough or red hands, and for faded or dull complexions. The refreshing feeling of cleanliness, the softness, smoothness, and daintiness that Icilma Fluor Cream gives cannot be obtained in any other way. You will never realise it till you try it—but the test costs nothing.

## ICILMA FLUOR CREAM

Of all good chemists, only 1s. per pot.  
Needs no powder — cannot grow hair.  
No imitation contains Icilma Water.

## 1s. TOILET OUTFIT FREE.

A complete Toilet outfit—usual price 1s., containing Icilma Fluor Cream, Icilma Soap, Tooth Powder, Icilmine (solidified Icilma Water), 2d. Wet Shampoo, 2d. Dry Shampoo, with Scented Book-marker, and full details will be sent free for 3d. stamps to cover postage and packing. Only one box free to each applicant. Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. 22), 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

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Of Remarkable Lightness      Of Distinctive Appearance

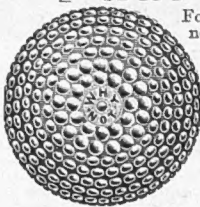
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"IDEAL" TRUNKS FOR  
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For length of drive, steadiness on the Green, and durability, the new Heavy "WHY NOT" is the best ball made.  
"HEAVY" 'STANDARD' (floats) 2/-  
If your Professional does not Stock it, write to us.  
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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

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Different from other dentifrices because, when in contact with moisture or acids, Calox releases active oxygen. Better than other dentifrices, because Calox purifies as Nature purifies—by oxygenising all impurities. Sweetens the breath. Calox is a natural and entirely harmless bleaching agent for the teeth, making them beautifully white without the mechanical action of gritty or fibrous substances. Refreshing and stimulating.

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Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in Boxes 1/- and 2/6.  
Insist on having "Proctor's Pinelyptus."



Continued from page XIII

exclaimed, "Dinna fash yersel," I telled her. "Gie ye wad leeve lang, ye maun keep the bools open an' the hert closed."

### "A Glorious Lie."

By DOROTHEA GERARD.  
(John Long.)

Mme. Longard here presents a young Polish nobleman in difficulties. The difficulties were matrimonial and involved nothing less serious than two wives! Making every allowance for the lazy optimism of the attractive Pole, it is impossible to avoid feeling that the second wife was a cruel blow of fate, and that she had been indecently foisted upon his charming good-nature. But, then, she and her family were Germans, and Germans and Poles are—far apart. Mme. Longard appears to know the latter very well, and, according to her, they certainly resemble Celts. The glorious lie seems an inevitable one, for everyone's peace and well-being; and the heroine, who is the first, and therefore legitimate, wife tells it heroically. It was no fault of hers, or anyone's, that tragedy finally supervened; rather was it owing to a certain nobility which obliges. "A Glorious Lie" is an easily read and pleasantly written story.

### "He Who Passed."

To M.L.G.  
(Heinemann.)

Autobiographical revelations are no new thing; Rousseau showed the way for many a Marie Bashkirtseff, and seldom is the reader of the most embarrassing confession left without a suspicion that vanity, personal vanity, is the strange fount of the muddiest flood. The unnamed writer of "He Who Passed" creates a widely different impression. She addresses the whole narrative to a man—the M.L.G. whose love she had felt constrained to refuse on the score of their history. During the months following her renunciation she gathered the various themes of her life into a connected whole, to lay, not at his feet, but in the office of Messrs. Heinemann; from that prosaic place it might, she dreams, wing its way, like the arrow of her country's poet, into the heart of her friend. This attitude is assumed and maintained through much painful analysis with such a touching sincerity that it may carry conviction into the breast of a very hardened novel-reader. It has done so once already. Given an Englishman of a certain rank and a soldier for lover, the impossibility of any explanation less complete than this is obvious, and quite obvious, too, the impossibility of the personal explanation there and then. That is implying the necessity of an explanation at all—a question, as she truly observes, of personal taste. But, leaving the matter of the story's frame, the story itself will appeal to many besides "M. L. G." as an extraordinarily faithful portrait of a woman who is very human and very charming. Her life, which grew from babyhood to maturity among the lower grades of American stage-folk, with an interval at a beauty specialist's, has plenty of material for "copy." This period is crowded with those intimate poignant impressions which can only be associated with a first

book. Her good-looking feckless parents, devoid of parental instinct; the unsavoury "Ma" to whom they consigned her; Ma's hideous death, of which her own art instinct made such effective use later on; all the squalor and kindness and despair of her world; and her own joys and terrors and desires, surging up through her unconquerable youth, bring her so fatally to that Orientalised flat in New York where she deliberately pays the price for a rise in her profession. The only saving quality of that time was a love of her work and a passion to excel in it. (Nevertheless, there was still a side of her which revelled in the diamonds.) That fine passion did eventually carry her through—to Europe, to self-respect which so often spells self-humiliation, and to love. Love came to her "not as he comes to happy young girls, in the form of a little, laughing Cupid, wreathed with roses. He came as a stern accuser, and bade me fall on my knees." Thanks to its author's sincerity, this individual revelation has been constructed excellently well. Each epoch brings its stage of development; the leaves of the mind and the flower of the heart unfold with organic response to circumstance and environment, and, like all actual growth, that is beautiful and wonderful to watch. If this should meet the eye of "M. L. G." he must swiftly become the proudest and happiest of men.

Messrs. James Carter and Co., the well-known seedsmen, of Raynes Park, whose imposing edifice has become a familiar landmark to travellers on the main line of the London and South-Western Railway, have recently added a new wing containing seed-testing laboratories, kitchens, and dining-rooms. The laboratories are equipped with all the latest appliances for seed-testing, and four large dining-rooms have been provided for their employees, with a kitchen furnished with the latest cooking apparatus similar to that in use at the big London hotels. The catering arrangements are controlled by the staff. A photographic studio and offices complete the latest addition to this up-to-date establishment.

From the Gramophone Company comes their February list of "His Master's Voice" records. The band music includes two selections from one of the most tuneful of Sullivan's operas, "The Gondoliers," played by the Coldstreams. Instrumental records are given by Fritz Kreisler (violin) and the Renard Trio, while Mr. Arthur Foreman has rendered one of Schumann's "Romances" on the oboe. Among the songs are Tosti's "Beauty's Eyes," sung by Mr. Evan Williams, Lord Henry Somerset's "A Song of Sleep," sung by Madame Kirkby Lunn, and that fine old tenor song "Margharita," sung by Mr. John Harrison. A very popular item will be Kipling's "Mandalay," sung by Mr. Stewart Gardner. In the humorous list are "Dear Little Jappy Girls," from "The Mousmé," sung by Miss Cicely Courtneidge, "My Old Dutch," by Albert Chevalier, and songs by George Robey, Joseph Coyne, and Eugene Stratton.



A PERFECT EATING CHOCOLATE  
**MELTIS**  
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With a new charm

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Corsets made to measure, any design (Ladies' Shape if desired). Tiny Waist a Speciality. Write for particulars in strict confidence.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers,  
Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

### Hair Wavers.

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A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these famous Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a Postal order (or stamps) for 1/-, and mentioning this paper.



Supplied to many of the leading Naval & Military Messes and Clubs.  
100 sent post free for 7/-

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**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

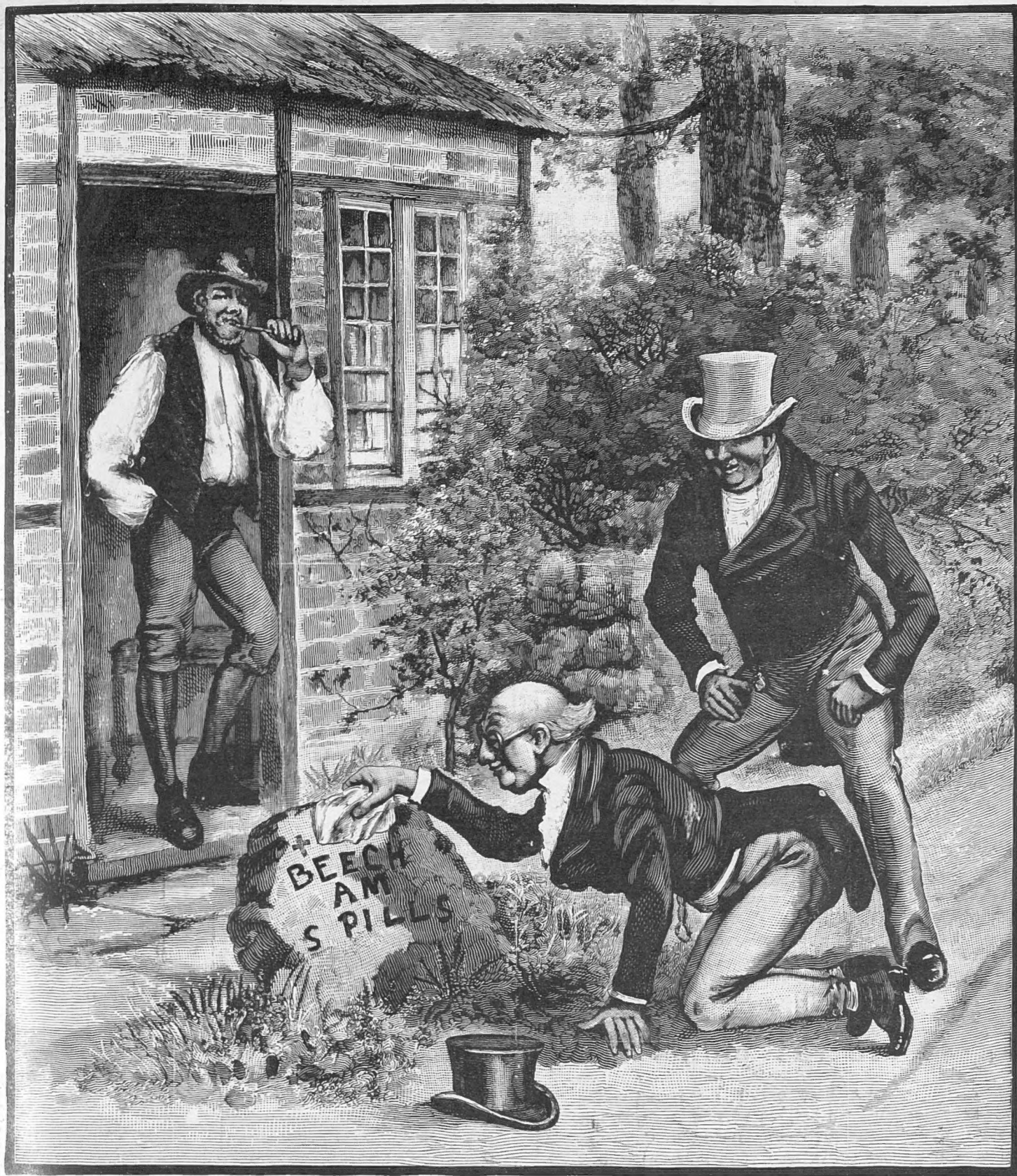
PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

February 7, 1912

Signature .....





### PICKWICK'S IMMORTAL DISCOVERY.

"There is an inscription here," said Mr. Pickwick. "Is it possible!" said Mr. Tupman. "I can discern a cross and a 'B.' This is important," continued Mr. Pickwick. "This is some very interesting inscription—it must not be lost."

(All admirers of the great Pickwick should pause and examine the stone, and they will find the words, "**BEECHAM'S PILLS.**" Let them bear this in mind, and they may safely conjecture that on the other side of the stone, not reproduced by the artist, is added, "**WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.**")



An Ideal Valentine



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An Inspiration in Perfume

PERFUME 2/6, 4/6, & 5/6. DENTIFRICE 1/-.  
TOILET WATER 3/- BATH CRYSTALS 2/6 & 4/6.  
HAIR LOTION 3/3. BRILLIANTINE 1/- & 1/9.  
FACE POWDER 1/- TOILET CREAM 1/9 per pot.  
CACHOUS 3/- per box. SACHET 6/- SOAP 1/- per tablet.

"Shem-el-Nessim" Combination Cases  
"Containing a selection of the best" 11/6 to 20/-  
ALL CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS

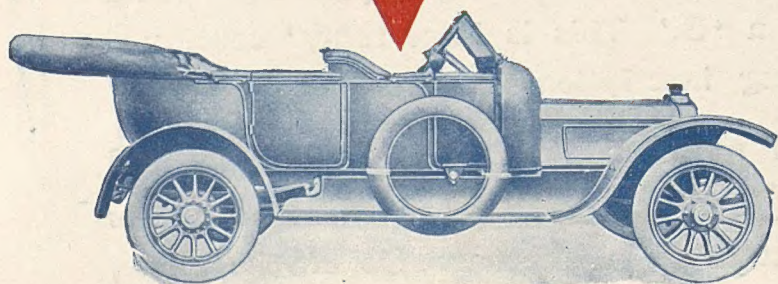
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TRADE **RIBBON** MARK

## DENTAL CREAM

Its delicious flavour has aided the spread of dental hygiene by making the care of the teeth a pleasure as well as a duty.



Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is different from other dentifrices in its double efficiency as well as its delightful flavour.

Not only is it efficient at the time of use, but it leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid, the condition which counteracts germ growth.

**Good Teeth mean Good Health.**

A generous trial tube sent for 2d. in stamps.

**COLGATE & Co.** (Dept. R 1) 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.  
Est. 1806. Makers of the famous Colgate's Shaving Stick.

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